

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1884-WITH HOUSEHOLD.

PRICE, \$1 50 PER YEAR

VOLUME XV.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE"

NUMBER 24

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Agricultural.

FARMERS AT SCHOOL.

We often talk of our school days as though they had passed, and we boast of our early opportunities, or we bemoan our misspent time, or the non-appreciation of the importance of the tasks set for us. The little learning we gain while at school, which is only the basis of knowledge, we too often assume to be the essential part of human wisdom. The person who accepts and acts upon this presumption, stops far short of the full meaning of schooling, and often becomes conceited and satisfied with the stock of learning acquired in early life.

The farmer who voluntarily and persistently isolates himself from the social life surrounding him, is practicing a non-attendance at a school which is virtually free, and is denying himself of the advantages of that instruction which has made more scholars, in the better meaning of the term, than all the public or private schools of the land. The farmer who labors six days in the week, and only observes the seventh to recuperate his wasted energies, may develop a perfect bodily organism, and live to a green old age but his mind will become a dilapidated structure, with mental sag, leaky roof and unpainted exterior; every wind of doctrine or belief will penetrate it through the torn siding, and reveal to the passer by the emptiness of the furnishing within.

This is an age of brain, and not muscle, but farmers seem to be the last class of people to accept the truth of the statement. They see the schooling others get by attendance on all the means of development within their reach, but are content to range themselves along the border land of ignorance, and to be led by others better educated than they. Here and there one steps out and ventures his little ear in the deeper waters of this heretofore untrodden sea, and is delighted to find that he can paddle his canoe as skillfully as those whom he has been accustomed to consider as having some natural talent above his own. Occasionally a farmer with a laudable desire for that influence which comes from superior knowledge assumes a dignity above his deserts, and gathers about him a little coterie of scholars, and dominates over them as a leader, making a display of his chaffy wisdom, or idle wit, which neither elevates his hearers, nor enlarges his own powers. Such a person by a proper training in the school of a dignified and aspiring social life, might have developed into a leadership that would have added credit to himself, and reflected honor upon his followers.

A knowledge which is of value, comes from mingling with those who know more than we do. They are the teachers, and we should strive to copy their processes. One cannot be original in all he says or does, and the gleanings which go to make up the cultivated mind, are gathered from the experience and practice of others. As the text books of the schools are the sources of learning for the young, so the ripe experience of men becomes the open book to those who enjoy with them the advantages of an equal social life. The book is often dry and distasteful, but knowledge that comes through mingling with men whose theories have been modified and tested by a life long practice, is never remembered as a task, but as a treat. The farmer whose extreme limits of travel are bounded by the mill, the streets of his nearest town, or the familiar paths of his farm, whose acquaintance with the men of his county is limited to the annual hand shaking at the meeting of the pioneers, or at the county fair, knows but little of the pleasures one gains from an acquaintance with those who are accustomed to circulate among their fellows. The blunders or inexcusable mistakes which those farmers have charged against them, are tardy marks which show a non-attendance at the schools always at hand, and the fault of ignorance attaches itself to such as a committed sin, rather than as mis-

fortune beyond the power of one's control. The lack in any neighborhood of some school or association of farmers, specially designed to bring out the latent talent, always existing in every community, shows that no desire exists for the continual acquirement of knowledge. The old farmers' club, and later the Grange and farmers' associations, each have their influence to bring out and round out the rural intellect to such a prominence as shall make its influence felt wider than the visual lines which girth them round, and stronger than the once accepted belief that the intellect of a farmer becomes beclouded by the drudgery of the farm.

Mechanical ingenuity, exercised upon the tools and machines used by the farmer, has taught him a better system of tillage, and that tillage means more in the perfection of a crop than was once supposed. He has learned that the subjection of weeds is not alone the use for which tools are made. The soil needs stirring, even when no weeds appear, and although tillage is not manure as some have believed, yet it helps to make accessible the fertility lying inert in the soil.

Stock farms, where the improved breeds of our domestic animals are reared, and kept for sale, are schools which all farmers can very well afford to attend. The object lessons there studied will help to determine him as to what is best for him to breed for the purposes of his farm.

The education which a county fair might furnish is very desirable in any community, and farmers might well visit more than one, to learn something more than is practiced in the circle of his acquaintance.

Farmers should learn to discriminate for themselves, and not take opinions at second hand. The schooling we get in contact with other minds, fits us to decide questions without the aid of others to strengthen our belief. Our whole lives are passed in some sort of school, and it behooves us to select our models, with reference to the kind of learning we most need.

A. C. G.

A KALAMAZOO COUNTY STOCK FARM.

The Breeding Stables of Messrs. Parkhurst & Mott, of Augusta.

The River Bend stock farm of Messrs. Parkhurst & Mott, is located one mile from Augusta, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., and comprises a farm of 110 acres, entirely devoted to horse stock. Its proprietors are gentlemen well versed in horse pedigree, and their time is devoted to the breeding and training and developing the trotting horse in our State; and their efforts in this direction should be appreciated and not go unrewarded, for they make one of the most distinctive features in the reputation of this quiet little village.

In stud are found Frank Noble 1709, a bay horse foaled in May, 1879, bred by Deway & Stewart, of Owosso, Mich. He was sired by Louis Napoleon 207, first dam, Fanny Mapes, by Alexander's Abdallah 15. Cottonwood 1705, is four years old, 15 1/2 hands high, and a handsome bay, was bred by Wm. A. Sanborn, Sterling, Ill. Was sired by Combat 1038, 1st dam, Carlotta, by American Clay 34, 2d dam, Patti, by Mambrino Chief 11, 3d dam, by Park's Highlander, 4th dam, by Grey Eagle. The black two-year-old stallion Blackstock 3505, was bred by Col. Richard West, Lexington, Ky., was sired by Egbert 1136, 1st dam, Steel Grey by Blackwood 74, 2d dam, by Bob Didlake 794, 3d dam, by Grey Eagle. Marshall Wilkes 2506, was foaled in 1882, was bred by E. L. Mott, Augusta, was sired by Young Wilkes 957 out of Lady Bathrick, by Marshall Chief 452. The yearling bay Cashier 2507 was bred by Wm. A. Sanborn, Sterling, Ill., sired by Capoul 1037, out of Lota by Administrator 357 2d dam, Abtullion, by Belmont 64.

In Frank Noble's foals of 1883, are the fillies Alrene, Cora Bush, Ives, Laura D, Mollie Noble, and the colts Tommy, Dick, Anthony and Noble Grand, all from dams sired by noted stallions. In brood mares are Acme, two years old, by Frank Noble 1709; Alice Belmont, six years old, sired by Woodlawn 1568, 1st dam, Susie Belmont, by Belmont 64; Cate, three years old, bred by W. A. Sanborn, Sterling, Ill., by Capoul 1037, 1st dam, Willie Wilkes, by George Wilkes 519. Creole, six years old, bred by H. M. Bagher, Glendale, O., by Woodlawn 1568, out of a fast pacing mare. Floy, a chestnut, three years old, was bred by W. A. Sanborn, got by Combat 1038, 1st dam, Marie Antoinette, by Belmont 33. Illinois was also bred by Sanborn, is bay, four years old, sired by Capoul 1037, 1st dam, by Belmont 64, 3d dam, Undine, by Grey Eagle. Lady Bathrick is fourteen years old, was sired by Marshall Chief 452, and has produced some stock giving her credit as a noted dam. The black mare Lightfoot is well bred, ten years old, and also a good dam. The bay mare Mary Safford, is four years old, also bred by Sanborn, of Illinois, was sired by Combat 1038, 1st dam, Mary Mason, by Ericsson 130. Tremona is three years old, was bred by Hurd & Chamberlain, Jackson, sired by Tremont 1565, out of Lady Fisk, by Masterlode 595. These comprise all the brood mares, which together with

the combination of blood in them and stallions, should produce an increase that will be a credit to them, the breeders and stock interest of the State. The young gelding, fillies and colts, Snip, Cora, Bush and Tommy, are promising well for the future.

SHEEP SHEARING FESTIVAL.

SOUTH HAVEN, May 23, 1884.

The annual sheep shears' festival of the Western Van Buren and Allegan County Wool Growers' Association was held at South Haven on Wednesday, May 23rd, 1884.

The day opened with a cold wind from the northeast but the sun was bright and warm, and on the whole gave promise of a fairly comfortable day, although past experience has proven that owners of choice sheep will not bring them out to be shorn on a cold or wet day.

At about nine o'clock the familiar sound to all sheepraisers could be heard on every hand and the orthodox horse sheds were taken possession of and soon resounded, if not to the voice of melody and praise, yet to the gentle bleating of the tender lambs and the answering call of the ever anxious mother.

Among the entries were the following: President D. C. Hodge, ten thoroughbred Merino ewes, five thoroughbred Merino rams, seven thoroughbred Merino lambs. These were all of fine quality and pure breeding.

O. E. Cox of Arlington, one thoroughbred Merino registered ewe lamb. I. S. Bunnell, Covert, two thoroughbred Lincolnshires, of immense size and fine quality.

Sanford Shumway, Casco, one Oxford-down ram, extra large, weighing 200 pounds, a fine specimen, one Cotswold ewe, and Merino high grade ram, very large and fine, one Oxford lamb.

Frank Harrington, Paw Paw, one thoroughbred Merino ram.

J. J. Nichols, Arlington, one thoroughbred Merino ram, extra weight, 158 pounds, one thoroughbred Merino ewe, one half grade Merino ewe, one high grade Merino ram.

W. W. Hodge, seven thoroughbred Merino ewes, one thoroughbred Merino registered ram.

Gilbert Mitchell, one high grade Merino ram, one half grade Merino ewe.

J. S. Hicks, one high grade Merino ewe. Several expert shearers were present, and the rapid click of the shears soon suggested that the man who captured the first premium would have no walk away.

The crowd was not as large as was hoped it might be, owing to the lateness of the season and the fact that farmers are very much behind with their Spring work. Nevertheless when dinner was announced the number seemed to increase with wonderful rapidity, and the refreshments which were thought to be ample, disappeared with surprising alacrity, and while there was something more than seven loaves and a few fishes on the start, there were much less than the number of baskets of remnants mentioned in holy writ taken up.

During the afternoon a large number of the residents of the village came out to witness the operation of sheep shearing; of this class a large proportion were ladies. The owners were reluctant to deprive their pet lambs of their comfortable covering on such a cold windy day, and hence

but comparatively few sheep were shorn, which were as follows:

NAME OF OWNER.	SEX.	Weight of Ewe, pounds.	Weight of Ram, pounds.	Weight of Lamb, pounds.
D. C. Hodge.....	Ewe.....	86	111	24
do.....	Ewe.....	71	100	23
do.....	Ewe.....	86 1/2	108	24
do.....	Ewe.....	68	111	24
do.....	Ewe.....	93	115	24
O. E. Cox.....	Ewe.....	72 1/2	107	24
J. J. Nichols.....	Ewe.....	56 1/2	104	24
W. W. Hodge.....	Ewe.....	72 1/2	107	24
F. Harrington, Paw Paw.....	Ewe.....	97 1/2	129	24
J. S. Hicks.....	Ewe.....	70	104	24
W. A. Harrington.....	Ewe.....	106 1/2	135	24
Gilbert Mitchell.....	Ram.....	203 1/2	141	3

The number and quality of sheep on exhibition was in excess of previous years, although not up to what it might have been and would have the season been more favorable. Geo. L. SEEVER, Secretary.

IN-AND-IN BREEDING.

COLDWATER, June 1st, 1884.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
In your issue of May 27th, I notice an article headed "Care of Cattle." I would like to hear the opinion of some old breeders through the State on the last part of it where he refers to in-breeding, and says he would not hesitate to breed a young heifer to a sire, grand sire, great grand sire, and so on, up to six sires.

Respectfully yours,
E. E. LEWIS.

We but recently referred to two separate instances in which in-breeding had been carried on in this State to fully as great an extent as mentioned by our correspondent. One of the parties, Mr. A. Wattles, of Battle Creek, had tried it on a flock of Merinos. The other, Mr. A. C. Atmore, of the town of Penfield, Calhoun County, has been trying the same thing with a flock of Cotswolds with a Leicester cross. We examined individual sheep in each of the flocks, knowing that for a period of 18 years they had been closely inbred, but not the slightest disposition to deteriorate, either in form or fleece, could be detected. Our correspondent, if he has time, should visit those flocks and see for himself how much in-breeding has affected them.

AN OWOSSO STOCK FARM.

To the Editor Michigan Farmer.

Your correspondent recently made a visit to the farm of Mrs. John Stewart, situated in the west part of the city of Owosso. The location is a beautiful one, and being very conveniently near the city makes it a desirable one. Good buildings have been erected and all arranged for comfort and convenience. The soil is very rich and good crops are raised. A young orchard looks thrifty and promises well. In the stock line it is Mrs. Stewart's intention to have the best. The cattle are all of them well adapted for butter-makers.

The object of my visit was to see the flock of Shropshire Down sheep, which were purchased from the Newton flock at Pontiac. Eleven ewes were purchased and all have lambs by their side; and such lambs! They are beauties—large, well shaped and lively. One of them tipped the beam at 44 pounds when two months old. The flock is headed by a splendid imported buck. In the hog line they have Berkshires and Poland-Chinas. Among the latter is the sow Owosso Beauty, bred by Arnold and purchased from E. M. Jordan, and she is a beauty.

Residents of the county seem to see the benefits of breeding to good animals, and hence the interest taken in stock matters in our country. I think the FARMER is to be thanked for this.

SPRING FAIR AT LANSING.

The Fair Not a Success—Report of Sale of Shortorns.

Three years ago the Central Michigan Agricultural Society inaugurated a spring fair, which as an exhibition of agricultural implements was a success, but the weather was unfavorable and the attendance was small. The directors thought that with favorable weather and by adding a further attraction in the shape of a race meeting the fair could be made a financial success. The secretary of the society, Mr. Ben Baker, one of the most energetic and competent men in the State for such a position, worked faithfully late and early to produce an exhibition that would draw out the people, and in this he was ably seconded by the other officers of the Society.

Last Tuesday morning the gates were thrown open to the public and on the grounds was displayed one of the finest exhibitions of agricultural machinery that has ever been seen in the State. The weather was all that could be desired, and the face of the general secretary shone with a satisfied smile as much as to say, "here's where we get even." Of course a large crowd was not looked for on the opening day, nor did they come. Wednesday came but the crowd did not materialize. On Thursday the combination sale of Shortorn cattle was to take place, and though it added somewhat to the attendance, Baker threw up the sponge and pronounced it a financial failure. But few people were on the grounds on Friday, and early in the day the exhibitors began packing up their implements.

For the races there was a very fair field of horses and some of the races were hotly contested. In one of the running races a sad accident occurred which proved fatal in the case of one rider and seriously injured another. There were four horses in the race, and as they rounded into the home-stretch one of the horses fell and the others tumbled over him. Two of the riders were taken up, insensible, one of them, Adolphus Blummeau of Bay City, died the next day having never regained consciousness. The other rallied, and the doctors in attendance upon him pronounced him out of danger Thursday morning.

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning the sale of Shortorns took place. The ring which is used for exhibiting cattle in during the fair and is arranged with seats, made a very convenient place for the purpose, and being surrounded by fine large trees, it was the most comfortable place on the grounds, as the day was the hottest of the season.

The attendance of buyers was not as large as we had anticipated, but taking into consideration that this is the busiest season of the year with farmers, it was as large as could be expected, and in looking the matter carefully over we question whether a spring fair at the date this one was held, can be made a success so far as the attendance of farmers is concerned. If it is held earlier the farmers could attend, but the chances are against the weather being favorable. If held later, the implement season will be over, and manufacturers will prefer waiting until the regular fall fair to make their exhibition.

The cattle sold were, taken as a whole, a good lot of individual animals, and but few of them brought what they were really worth, while some of them did not realize to their owners one half their value.

The sale was carried out just as advertised, and every animal put up was disposed of to the highest bidder, and in no case was a bid made. The auctioneer, Mr. Mann, of Kalamazoo, conducted the sale in a very satisfactory manner to all parties, and with a little practice will develop into a good stock salesman. The following is a list of the cattle sold, the names of the purchasers and the prices paid.

Oxford Vanquish 7th, red, calved 1875, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$130.
Tosper, red, calved 1883, C. B. Andrews, Danville, \$75.
Oxford Down 2d, red, calved 1875, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$150.
Belle Barrington 2d, roan, calved 1882, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$200.
Camilla 7th, roan, calved 1881, Wm. Mathews, Stanton, \$130.
Mag Wellington, roan, calved 1880, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$160.
Rose of Webster 2d, red, calved 1874, C. S. Higby, Ionia, \$70.
Beauty of Burns, roan, calved 1882, Wm. Mathews, Stanton, \$130.
Tosper, red, calved 1883, C. B. Andrews, Danville, \$75.
Adeline 2d, roan, calved 1875, S. B. Hammond, Kalamazoo, \$130.
Besie Belle 5th, red, calved 1880, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$80.
Cora Belle, red, calved 1882, T. W. Archer, Leslie, \$155.
Young Beauty, roan, calved 1883, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$80.
Beauty of Rose, red and white, calved 1879, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$105.
Fedora 5th, red, calved 1880, A. Daniels, Okemos, \$80.
Oxford Alta, roan, calved 1882, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$75.
Oxford Rose, roan, calved 1883, Oscar Fenn, Stanton, \$150.
Fourth Duke of Barrington, red, calved 1883, J. Melvin, North Lansing, \$70.
Katie Napier 2d, roan, calved 1882, Wm. Mathews, Stanton, \$80.
Sixth Duke of Barrington, red, calved 1883, John Spauld, Grand Lodge, \$50.
Seventh Duke of Barrington, red, calved 1883, Ben Peckham, Devereaux, \$80.
Brutus, red, calved 1883, Ben Peckham, Devereaux, \$80.
Lord Donald, red, calved 1882, C. E. Higby, Ionia, \$100.
Master Crispehank, red, calved 1884, A. J. Whitney, Ionia, \$45.
Lord Meredith, red, calved 1884, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$40.
Phyllis Duke of Hamburg, red, calved 1883, Shearer & Baker, Lansing, \$135.
Cadmus, red and white, calved 1883, Oscar Fenn, Stanton, \$80.
Casper, red roan, calved 1883, Wm. Mathews, Stanton, \$45.
Cook roan, calved 1884, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$45.
Custer, red, calved 1884, E. K. Wood, Stanton, \$35.
Knights Prince 1st, calved 1882, E. D. McConnell, Danby, \$85.
Victoria Prince 1st, red roan, calved 1882, E. K. Wicks, Allegan, \$70.
Victoria Prince 2d, red, calved 1883, H. C. Wood, Stanton, \$35.
Victoria Prince 4th, red roan, calved 1883, A. Baker, Eaton Rapids, \$50.
Barrington Mary Duke, red, calved 1882, B. Peckham, Devereaux, \$80.
Howell Duke 4th, red, calved 1883, M. Fees, Grand Lodge, \$75.

THE BEST BREED OF HOGS FOR THE AVERAGE FARMER.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Seeing the report in the FARMER of what a farmer had done with the Poland-Chinas, I send the following as the record of the Berkshires. I have one breeding sow, and in five litters she raised me 42 pigs. I kept one of them for a breeder, sold a boar to a party for breeding also. Of the 40 hogs, the oldest when killed was ten months and eleven days, the youngest seven months. Their net average weight was 273 lbs. Some were sold at \$4.25 alive, others at \$3.30 dead—averaging \$6.50 all around. The net amount of money received was \$17.74 per hog, or \$708.60 in all. The breeding sow kept will have pigs early in July, and now weighs over 300 lbs., and was awarded second premium in her class at the fair at Rochester, Oakland Co., last fall. Can any Poland-Chinas beat this?

W. H. Y.

ROCHESTER, June 6, 1884.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Continuation of Notes From Jackson County.

We continue our notes on the farms and farmers of Jackson County: In stock we find on Mr. Dwell's farm a Percheron mare, with one eighth Clydesdale blood; she is large and quite stylish, and in foal to a horse that is fifteen-sixteenths Percheron. Also a sorrel two-year-old mare, a beauty; she was sired by Tremont, with a Clay mare for dam; a brown mare five years old; a nine-year-old one from Old Charley, and in foal to Deyo's Western State, by Fisk's Hambletonian, and a lot of good grade cattle. He makes feeding sheep a specialty, usually feeding about 250. The grade wethers weighed in January 118 lbs., and ewes 125 lbs. Still further looking around we saw a fine two-year-old dark gray colt, sired by Imp. Havre, dam referred to above. The Poland-China was bred by Levi Arnold, and all the stock eligible for record.

M. K. Craft has 400 acres in his grand grain and grass farm, while from the porch of his pleasant home a view is had of lake, village and farming landscape, pleasing to the eye of one who loves a quiet rural scene. The farm buildings are substantial, just what might be expected at the home of any enterprising farmer. His specialty is feeding sheep, crossing Cotswolds upon grade Merino ewes, using thoroughbred rams, and he has taken many premiums with those and his fat sheep, at more than one State fair. Also breeds Poland-Chinas and fancies Percheron and Shorthorn stock, having a half interest in a thoroughbred bull already described by us. He usually raises about 100 acres of wheat, getting 2,300 bushels last year from 90 acres.

Elisha E. Swift has 180 acres of level loam land in his grain farm, has a splendid brick house, a barn more than equal to his neighbors, in length 78 feet from the corner of the L each way, with a width of 36 feet, standing on a stone foundation 8 1/2 feet high above ground, in which stable is found plenty of room for his herd of high grade cattle and large flock of sheep. In the basement is also a machinery implement room, while water is handy and convenient for the stock. The farm is a fine one, well cared for and worked, the arrangements of the barn quite complete, while order and systematic farming is the rule.

J. W. Lee has 160 acres in his home farm (such a one as we would like to own), of level land, with not one rod of waste, and a gravelly loam soil. Has a pleasant home and good house, with handsome lawn and shade, while thrifty maples grace each side of highway upon which his farm borders. His barns are hardly equal to the farm, although better than many we find; but the stock kept is good. We notice a pair of roaster mares, eight and nine years old, weighing 1,400 lbs each, that were sired by Old Charley, one out of an Abdallah dam, and both half sisters to Kyrat; one two-year-old colt, three-quarters Clyde; a pair of mares, one a half, the other three-quarters Percheron, both in foal to Palmer's, of Napoleon, grade Percheron; also a nice party of registered Merinos. His stock ram is two years old, was bred by J. H. Hood, of Grass Lake, and traces to good Vermont bred stock. His 17 lambs were sired by C. H. Hees' Bonaparte 95, by Bachelor 176, dam a Stickney ewe by Silverhorns 570. The stock on this farm are well bred and in fine condition. The farm is a very productive one, and is located one and a half miles from the village.

S. A. Scott owns 255 acres of splendid wheat and corn land that is somewhat rolling, and on farm near beats it in productiveness. The cattle are high grades, the sheep are a cross of Cotswold and Merino, getting in this his desideratum of mutton and wool. The buildings are large and ample for such a farm.

Calvin Cooper is by nature love and education a model and thrifty farmer, and nowhere in our route have we found a tidier one. His house, barns, outbuildings, yards, and the general appearance of his 100 acres of level land indicate it, viewed from any point you may. He has a party of over 100 grade sheep, some Shorthorns, a three-quarter bred Jersey, some nice work and driving horses all in fine condition, starvation of stock not being the policy here.

O. F. Pease has a farm of over 100 acres at present, lying so close to the village that many village lots have been sold from it, upon which have been erected several handsome and stylish houses. Here we find one of the best little flocks of Merino ewes, which for the number is almost unequalled. They were purchased as yearlings from C. M. Hees, of Napoleon, in March, 1883. They were sired by Bonaparte 176, who is now owned by George W. Green of Norvell. They are of good size, compact in form, well covered and capped, and have a class of wool that will please any buyer. On them was used last fall Hercules, Dorr's No. 58, who was bred by C. C. Dorr of Grass Lake. He was sired by Hercules 229 (3d Vol. Vermont Register) by Bismark 221 (1st Vol.), dam D. Jackson 59 by Bismark. He is a good one, as his stock shows splendid, is heavy felled, well compact, vigorous, strong felled, buff oil well diffused, and as a stock getter must be good. Mr. Pease has laid in this party the corner stone of the foundation of a flock of Merinos that will place him high up as a breeder, and as he is careful and judicious he must succeed. His few Shorthorns are well graded.

Wm. Symmonds has lived two years on his 90 acre farm, which is in sight of the village, hardly long enough to place him in the condition he expects to, still much has been done in the way of no id improvements. In stock is a three-quarter Holstein bull, some 23 head of grade Shorthorns, among which are some steers; also Poland-Chinas hogs and Plymouth Rock chicks. In the near future will be some thoroughbred stock in the way of cattle. We think it but a question of time when the rapidly increasing feeling for good stock will culminate in finding such on every good farm in the Wolverine State.

Jacob Heesahend came into this country from Germany thirty years ago, seven dollar in debt, but to-day is one of the enterprising farmers in this country. He now owns 300

(Continued on eighth page.)

Horticultural.

RELATIVE HARDINESS OF CERTAIN SMALL FRUITS.

The severe and continued cold of the past winter seems to have severely tried the endurance of many varieties of small fruits in this vicinity. Among strawberries Charles Downing, Kentucky, Bidwell, Miner's Prolific, Sharpless, Crescent and we may add, Big Bear, seem to have withstood the ordeal perfectly, even where left unprotected by the drifting away of the covering of snow; while, under similar circumstances, Champion, Triomphe de Gand, Finch's Prolific, Crystal City, and a long list of others, both old and new, are badly injured and in a few instances nearly annihilated.

The red raspberries, including the new varieties Hansell and Superb, have almost invariably escaped injury at least at the lake shore; although we cannot say as much of the cap varieties, some of which are somewhat injured. Shaffer, New Rochelle and Caroline, which are reputed hybrids between the reds and caps, are to all appearance unharmed, and the same is nearly or quite true of Davison's Thornless, Souhegan, Tyler, Ohio and Mammoth Cluster; but we regret to say that the new popular favorite, the Gregg, is open to considerable complaint in this respect.

We went carefully through our trial plantations of blackberries after growth had well started, and noted their condition as follows:

Ancient Briton—Nearly untouched.
Bridgman—Barely injured.
Crystal White—Killed to the snow line; same last year.
Dorchester—Slightly injured.
Early Harvest—Killed to the snow line; same last year.
Knox—Considerably injured.
Kittanning—Considerably killed back.
Larston—Considerably injured.
McCracken—Slightly injured.
Missouri Mammoth—Slightly injured.
Snyder—Entirely uninjured.
Stanton's Early—Slightly injured.
Stoney's Hardy—Entirely uninjured.
Taylor (Prolific)—Uninjured.
Wachusett Thornless—Uninjured.
Wallace—Nearly uninjured.
Western Triumph—Uninjured.
Wilson's Early—A good deal killed back.

We set a few trial plants, a year since, of the brownish pink blackberry, of which samples were sent to the FARMER by Mr. Parrish, of Barry Co., last season. These made a fair growth last season, and came through the winter entirely uninjured. The plants made a moderate growth last year and are producing fruit this season. The wood as well as the fruit is very light in color.

Snyder, Taylor, Stone, and one or two others will set a full crop of fruit this season, while Early Harvest and Crystal White, do not show a live fruit bud. Bartle, Mammoth and Lucretia dewberries are set for an abundant crop of fruit, as they were of course, out of harm's way, under the snow, during the winter. Last year we hoped for something from them, but they produced "nothing but leaves." T. T. LYON.

CURLED LEAF.

WILLIAMSTON, May 29, 1884.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
Will you inform me through the columns of your valuable paper what is the cause and cure of the disease of our peach trees, as indicated by the appearance of the inclosed leaves.

C. M. HARRIS.

Answer.—The foliage sent us is attacked by a fungus, which is generally known as Curled Leaf. It frequently attacks the foliage of the peach upon the occurrence of cold, moist weather, while the leaves are yet tender and but partially developed, and is not unfrequently a very serious affliction; since, if the foliage generally is attacked, the growth is brought nearly or quite to a standstill, till new and healthy leaves are put forth, when the diseased ones are shed. The visitations are not unfrequently occasioned by the dropping of the incipient fruit, then just in process of development. This is more likely to occur on quite young trees. There is no known remedy in the present state of knowledge on the subject, although it may be prevented in a good degree by locating the orchard where it will be sheltered from the cold spring winds which tend to develop it. It doubtless has tendency to diminish the vigor of the trees, although they usually soon recover with little apparent injury. T. T. LYON.

FLORICULTURAL.

"DAISY EMBROIDERY" says she banished the tiny white worms which infest the soil of potted plants, living on the bark of the roots, by spreading a tablespoonful of warm wood ashes over the surface and digging it into the soil with a hairpin. The worms find the soil not enjoyable, while the ashes stimulated the growth of the plants.

"MAY MAPLE" in the Rural New Yorker says of her oleander, that old-fashioned but ornamental shrub whose blossom clusters always remind us of pink fingers pointing upward: "Our two years old shrub began blossoming in the early part of October last, and for six weeks its flowers were the delight of the household, and admiration of many guests. In January I found that it was not doing well, so concluded to give it fresh soil; on taking it up, I found the galled jar in which it stood, packed completely full of fibrous roots. Given a larger receptacle, new earth, and plenty of warm water and it goes on with its labors of growing and budding for blossoms. A friend who has cultivated these shrubs for many years, says if I had repotted mine immediately after it had done blossoming, it would have flowered in February, and when the tree is old enough it will blossom every month in the year."

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer gives such a good plan for growing single plants in grass on lawns without tearing up the surface in large areas, that we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers:

"Mark the spot where you wish your plant; dig a round hole twelve inches deep and large enough to admit a six to sixteen inch drain tile. Lay a piece of board in the bottom and set the tile on it with its top even with the surface. Pack the soil close around it, fill it with rich fine mold, and set in your plant. No grass or tree roots can rob the plant of strength or moisture, and it will grow and bloom in a manner satisfactory to even a cranky connoisseur. The tile must have sufficient calibre to accommodate the plant. A six inch tile is large enough for four Gladioli, or an ever-blooming rose, half a dozen tulips, etc., etc. A Caladium should have a twelve-inch one. Once set, the plants require very little care, except water during a dry spell, and an occasional examination to see that the grass has not crept over the top of the tile.

Strawberries by the Barrel.

I do not claim that the idea of raising strawberries from barrels is original with me, but as there seems to be a desire to know how to raise this luscious fruit in this way, I herewith give the modus operandi. Take an empty barrel of any kind except a salt barrel, and bore it full of inch holes, commencing six inches from the bottom, and having the holes six inches apart. The barrel should have one sound head in it. From seventy-five to a hundred holes can thus be made in an ordinary sized barrel. Next, procure a length of old stovepipe and punch it full of holes. Set this length of pipe in the center of the barrel, and fill it with sheep manure. Pour in sufficient rich, mellow dirt around the pipe to fill up to the first tier of holes, the plants being prepared by cutting off all the large leaves, and the decayed and bruised roots, leaving only the green bud or crown. Thrust this bud through the hole in the barrel from the inside, spreading the roots out on the dirt. After the first tier of the holes is filled, pour in dirt up to the next tier of holes, then set out another row of plants, and so on till the barrel is filled, a row of plants being put around the top of the barrel, letting the crown of the plant's project over the top. This completes the strawberry bed. All that is now necessary is to pour a bucketful or two of water every other day into the stovepipe containing the manure. The advantage of raising strawberries on a small scale in this way are manifold. Any one having room enough to set two or three barrels can raise berries enough for quite a large family, as vines cultivated in this way will yield much more bountifully than when set in the open ground. Strawberries thus grown require no after culture, as no weeds or runners can grow so as to do any injury. As fast as runners make their appearance they should be cut off with the shears, as they exhaust the vitality of the parent plant. Berries grown in this way are always clean and free from grit. Plants can be set out at any time when they can be obtained from the runners, which are the only proper ones to use. Any family can have a strawberry plantation, as the expense is trifling. Whenever a family wishes to move they can take their berry patch on a dray and set it along with them.—Pacific Press.

How to Trim a Fruit Tree.

No man should start out to trim a fruit tree on a theory not based on what is wanted from its growth. A good many act and talk about the business just as if a fruit tree were grown for its timber. But the thing wanted out of a fruit tree is its fruit; this is down to the hardpan as to the purpose of its culture. The way to trim a tree is that which gives us the most luscious harvest. It's the sun that helps to this return for our care. The right pruning, therefore, is that which leaves the tree spray so that the sun can tint with its pencil, and ripen by the chemistry of its rays, every fruit. Most men begin the work in the lower limbs, and top them until, year by year, the tree takes a form as lean and leafy as a feather striped turkey. But the place to begin is at the top, unless the maze of criss-cross branches puzzles your downward sight and work. If so, cut out first those interlacing limbs; then, starting from the tree top, so lop the limbs and sprays as to leave none to chafe its fellows, and that each radiating branch may stretch from the trunk or main limbs out into a space open to the sun and air all around its fronds, and foliage. It needs, besides the wit to judge about this business, a good deal of courage to rightly prune. Most men are timid about the duty; they fear lest the cutting out of so much wood will shorten the crop. Have no such fears; no well-bearing tree does its best unless the fruit is thinned. Though the number will be less, the better size will make the quantity about the same, and the quality far superior. So, if you thin out the branches, you virtually thin the fruit, without the job of picking off the little settings, and at the same time open the tree to sun and air. There are fewer men who have the courage to thin their fruit, than to prune thoroughly. As to dwarf trees, it used to be the plan and counsel of orchardists to cut in, first, before much swelling of the buds, about half the last year's growth. I don't think that counsel wise. A dwarf tree (according to the experience of that veteran nurseryman and pomologist, C. M. Hovey, am mine), never fruits well till you leave it to shoot up as it lists. All you need to do is to stake it, if the slender roots do not stay its "wabble" in the wind, and to thin the fruits set, if too many for a perfect crop.—Rural New Yorker.

Growing Pears for Profit.

P. T. Quinn, in the N. Y. Tribune, says the most important consideration in laying plans for planting a pear orchard is the choice between dwarfs or standards, and says: "To treat this question intelligently it will be necessary to refer briefly to the history of pear culture in this country. A quarter of a century ago the opinions which found their way into print on this subject, in nine cases out of ten emanated from nurserymen, and the exceptions to this rule came from those who took their keynote

from the same source. Now every practical man knows that it is much cheaper to grow dwarfs in the nursery than it is standards. This uniform and rapid growth of dwarfs in the nursery, putting aside the larger profits, led nurserymen to advocate the planting of dwarfs in preference to standards for orchard purposes, and as a natural consequence dwarf pears were planted extensively in every section of the country, on the recommendations from the sources named. As a matter of course time and practical experience were essential elements to test this important question.

"I was one of the thousands who were led to plant dwarfs on an extended scale, and now with an experience of twenty-five years in growing pears for profit, and having during that time an unusual opportunity for observation both in this country and Europe, I can speak with some authority on this subject. To be brief in summing the case, I would simply state that if I were about to plant a pear orchard now, and could get dwarf trees for nothing, and I was compelled to pay \$500 a thousand for standards, I would not hesitate a moment in making the selection of standards. The tempting theory that dwarfs will bear fruit in a couple of years from the time of planting is a dangerous and bad theory to practice. A pear tree should not be allowed to bear any fruit until it is five or six years in place, and in closing this brief article I will say that one healthy standard pear at twelve years of age is worth a dozen of dwarf trees kept as dwarfs at the same age."

Injurious Insects and Remedies.
Prof. Maynard of the Massachusetts Experiment Station gives in the last bulletin of that institution a brief statement of the remedies thus far found most successful.
Cabbage Flea.—The first insect of importance that appears is the small black flea or jumping beetle that attacks the cabbage, radish, turnip, etc. Dusting with Paris green mixed with one hundred times its weight of plaster has proved an effectual remedy. This must be done when the plants are wet and after every rain.
Cut Worm.—The cut worm, of which there are several species, including the army worm, works only during the night and may be destroyed by the same remedy as the above. We would advise a trial of pyrethrum powder mixed with five times its bulk of plaster as being more safe, although we have no positive proof that it will be effectual.
Striped Squash Bug.—The striped squash bug is best kept in check by the use of plaster and Paris green. For the family garden the safest and most satisfactory way to overcome them is to make a bottomless box twelve inches square and six or eight inches deep and cover with mosquito netting. One of these boxes placed over a hill till the plants have become tough and hard, is sure protection.
Cabbage Worm.—The cabbage worm, the larva of the common white butterfly, may be easily destroyed in several ways. That of hand-picking if begun before the first brood has passed into its perfect state is effectual. Pyrethrum powder mixed with five times its bulk of plaster and dusted into the center of the leaves with sulphur bellows, is certain destruction to every one of them. The application of insecticides in liquids to the cabbage has not been satisfactory on account of the peculiar structure of the leaf surface, which allows the water to roll off in drops and not adhere to any part of it. Paris green is unsafe to use after the leaves have become over four inches in diameter.
The currant worm should be destroyed while small, with the dust of hellebore or pyrethrum. The latter being perfectly harmless is to be more highly recommended.
For the plum weevil the treatment is that recommended by most others known as the jarring process, and also the use of poultry to destroy them.
No positive remedy against the ravages of the codling moth has yet been found. It is claimed that Paris green sprayed over the tree in water is effectual, but should it prove so, it is far too dangerous a remedy to apply where grass or other crops are growing under them. The rose bug has been thus far the most difficult to overcome of the whole tribe of injurious insects, and no remedy can be recommended with a great degree of confidence, but would advise the trial of the fumes of gas tar, held under the vines a short time every evening while the grapes are forming. Rose slugs are destroyed by spraying with pyrethrum and water, a tablespoonful to a pailful. The aphid or plant louse which has been abundant the past two years is destroyed with strong soap suds or pyrethrum and water.

Illinois Orchards.

The following statements were made at the Bloomington meeting of the Illinois Horticultural Society in December last, and are condensed from the transactions of the Society:
J. B. Spaulding found draining valuable; he had tile-drained extensively, placing the tiles three to four feet deep and thirty feet apart. Treatment must vary with locality. Too rapid a growth is not wanted. In New York, two years are required for trees to grow as much as one year in Illinois, and the New York orchards produce the most fruit. He would not mature trees for this reason. J. W. Robinson tile-drained his orchard twenty years ago, and never found any trouble from the roots clogging the channel. Willow and cottonwood roots will choke the tile; apple roots will not. A. C. Hammond said that in Hancock County (bordering on the Mississippi), the orchards were about equally divided between dry-rolling and moist flat land. Those on the flat land passed more safely through the winter, and gave more and finer fruit. Several members corroborated this statement. J. W. Robinson had trees 25 years old still productive on low land, but those on ground 12 feet above were less productive. From two acres of land on which water remains nearly a month every spring, to within a foot of the sur-

face, he had 2,000 bushels of Winesaps from 200 trees. Dr. Schroeder said he had an orchard of the Janet on high land which yielded still better than that; but the Willow Twig does best on low land. Parker Earle expressed his surprise at these statements, as high grounds had always been regarded best by the society, and the highest land had been regarded as worth several times the low land, and had decidedly the advantage as regards the attacks of insects, disease, fungi, etc. J. W. Robinson said the terms high and low were only comparative, and that in the cases mentioned the low land was the best drained because the soil was more porous, and largely made up of matter washed from higher ground. S. M. Slade said the only orchard in the vicinity of Elgin that pays as a commercial orchard, was planted forty or fifty years ago on oak openings—sloping land—the soil clay loam, with gravelly subsoil, with rather deep ravines. It is obvious that the mere fact of the land being high or low has comparatively little to do with the success of the orchards, but that there were other circumstances in the character of the soil, its natural drainage, composition, cultivation, and possibly the change in the seasons, which may have had a controlling influence.

Horticultural Notes.
The Massachusetts Ploughman thinks the best cure for the asparagus beetle is to turn a flock of hens on the bed.
The ninth annual session of the American Association of Nurserymen, Florists, Seedsmen and Kindred Interests will be held at Chicago, commencing June 18th.
A CORRESPONDENT of the Country Gentleman says no man of taste should ever call an evergreen beautiful when its lower limbs have been cut away. Its symmetry is destroyed and it is less desirable than a deciduous tree.

Is the bird stealing your cherries, hang several old tin cans, in which you have bought canned fruits, in the trees, and hang a small stone or a piece of metal in the cans as a tongue, suspending it so that the least breeze will agitate it. The unusual and unexpected noise will scare any intruders.

GRANVILLE COWING, in the Indiana Farmer, says wood ashes scattered broadcast over strawberry plants is an excellent top-dressing for renewing the vigor of old beds, and producing smooth and beautiful berries. He cultivates his beds till they have produced three or four crops, and generally finds the second better than the first.

C. L. JONES, of New Jersey, says two trees in his garden produced last year 600 quinces, and nearly as many the year before. Twenty-four of them weighed 24 pounds. His trees branch near the ground, and he top-dresses with salt and mulches with salt hay. The trees are pruned severely by cutting back half to two-thirds of the previous year's growth.

Farm and Garden says: "If any of our readers have a graft they desire to bear early, if they will bend it over and tie to a branch below it, or tie a weight to a string suspended from it, the gradual bending of the graft will check the growth of it, and cause it to put out spurs, and an early bearing will be the result. This plan is only of value where we want to quickly test new varieties, and is of course not intended for orchard use."

The Rural Home reminds us that it is a good plan, a few hours before transplanting young plants, to saturate the soil in which they stand, to the depth of the roots, so that they may take copious draughts of water to sustain them through the trying ordeal. If standing, as they should, from two to three inches apart in the bed, a small square of soil can be taken up and moved with every one. Liberal holes should be made for their reception, and the soil pressed firmly around the roots.

A READER of the Rural New Yorker says he keeps the striped beetle from eating up his cucumber and melon vines by planting 30 or 40 grains of buckwheat at the same time. The young buckwheat plants come up first and shade and protect the tender young melon plants from the sun, wind and bugs. The buckwheat is pulled up when the melon plants are ready to run. He says he has tried planting alternate hills without the buckwheat, and found these eaten by the bugs, while the others were unharmed.

On account of the sudden changes in the temperature at this season and in this climate, it is almost impossible to keep free from colds and coughs; but a prompt use of N. H. Downes' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir will prevent any serious result from a sudden cold and effect a speedy cure. If you are bilious, or have the jaundice, sick headache or dizziness, try Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

Apriarian.

Bee Keepers' Basket Picnic.

A basket picnic, composed of the members and friends, of the Northern Michigan Bee Keepers Society, will be held at the apiary of Miss F. A. Bellamy, near the prison grounds west of Ionia, on Thursday, June 19th, 1884. Parties wishing to attend are requested to drop Miss Bellamy a postal notifying her of the fact, in order that ample provision may be made for conveying all to and from the apiary.

Her bees are reported in fine condition and a pleasant time is anticipated. Take the morning train for Ionia, but leave the cars opposite the prison grounds, where teams will be waiting to convey people to the apiary free of charge.

F. A. PALMER, Sec.

Bees on the Farm.

We have often heard people say "I mean to have some bees, and I mean to have them long before this." Yet these persons live year after year, without them, while their fruit bloom is poorly fertilized, and the nectar secreted in the flora of their fields and hedges is left to waste its sweetness. Bees seem especially designed, in the economy of nature, to gather up the remnants "that nothing be lost." This was forcibly illustrated the past season, by the reports coming in from different parts of the country of the large yields of honey gathered from wheat stubble. When the wheat was cut, before the straw was full-

ly ripened, a sweet juice oozed out of the straw where it was cut; in some instances the juice was so plentiful that a clear drop of juice ran out of every stubble, and some filled the upper joints and ran down the stubble. It is a very rare season indeed that bees cannot secure enough honey from some source to support themselves. We have many times been despondent, thinking that we would get no surplus and have to feed our bees their winter stores when, all at once, there would come a flood of nectar from some unlooked-for source. A cool wet spring and summer will produce no honey, although the bloom may be abundant, and yet it may be just the condition suitable to produce many honey-yielding fall flowers. During the last autumn a large amount of surplus honey was gathered from the different varieties of smart-weed (Polygamon). This honey was beautifully white, and of a fine minty flavor. These plants flourish on over-lands and damp lands generally, although they are found abundantly in this locality growing in corn fields, and where early potatoes have been raised.

Sweet corn is growing in favor as a honey plant. A sweet syrup is secreted in the axils of the leaves, near the stock, and bees gather pollen from the tassels. It is surprising that farmers will go to town and buy miserable glucose syrup, when a heaven-born sweet syrup can be had at their door, not for the asking but for the taking.—Mrs. L. Harrison.

Securing Straight Combs.
Frame hives are of but little benefit unless the combs be made straight in the frames. Colonies will sometimes fill the frames very straight and nice without any help, but they must be watched and made to go straight, when they will not do so of their own accord. Strips of foundation, one inch wide, if properly fastened to the top bars of the frames, will secure this without further trouble. When a swarm is placed in an empty hive the rear end of the hive should be raised a few inches. This will cause the bees to commence at this point to build the combs. They will run down the top bar about two-thirds of the distance, when they show a disposition to cross over with the comb; but after they have worked a few days, the frames should be examined and each alternate frame turned end for end. This will throw the empty end of the frame between the combs in the frames on each side. After the combs are built sufficiently long to thus lap far over each other, they will continue them in the right course. This may be a little trouble at first, but combs once built straight are safe ever afterwards. Should the combs be neglected a day too long, and the bees have started them across, do not wait, thinking there will come a better time, but cut them loose and push them back into place. If they have gone too far for this, better cut them out and fasten in the frames, as in transferring, or use them in the sections. Do anything rather than let them go, because they will never come right of themselves.—Indiana Farmer.

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—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:
44 Larned Street, West, (Post and Tribune Building), Detroit, Mich.

Subscribers remitting money to this office would confer a favor by having their letters registered, or procuring a money order, otherwise we cannot be responsible for the money.

P. B. BROMFIELD,
Manager of Eastern Office,
21 Park Row, New York.

The Michigan Farmer
—AND—
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1884.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 113,331 bu., against 93,977 bu. the previous week, and 88,046 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 211,628 bu., against 147,972 last week, and 774,868 the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on May 31 was 16,792,680 bu., against 17,978,563 the previous week, and 20,284,815 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 1,195,883 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending May 31 were 954,106 bu., against 807,454 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 8,334,639 bu. against 6,092,003 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

The wheat market has been weak since our last report, and cash wheat is lower. Still, considering the great attention that has been paid to politics, the continued dullness in general trade, and the close of the money market, it is only the inherent strength of this grain that prevents a much greater decline. The week closed with a quiet but steady market, and No. 2 white and No. 2 red showing a slight advance. Yesterday this market was dull and weak, opening at Saturday's closing prices, declining a few points, and closing weak. Cash wheat was in light demand, and speculative dealing confined to very small proportions. Chicago was reported steady and very quiet, with rumors that a "bear" raid may be looked for soon, as some large operators have sold a great deal of "short" wheat. New York was more active, but finally closed easy and lower. Crop reports are good enough to help the "bear" side of the market, but many operators still look for some advance in spot wheat.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from May 20th to June 9th:

	No. 1 white.	No. 2 white.	No. 2 red.	No. 2 hard.
May 20	1.07	1.02	1.00	1.00
" 21	1.08	1.03	1.01	1.01
" 22	1.09	1.04	1.02	1.02
" 23	1.08	1.03	1.01	1.01
" 24	1.09	1.04	1.02	1.02
" 25	1.07	1.02	1.00	1.00
" 26	1.07	1.02	1.00	1.00
" 27	1.07	1.02	1.00	1.00
" 28	1.07	1.02	1.00	1.00
" 29	1.06	1.01	0.99	0.99
" 30	1.06	1.01	0.99	0.99
June 1	1.05	1.00	0.98	0.98
" 2	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97
" 3	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97
" 4	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97
" 5	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97
" 6	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97
" 7	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97
" 8	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97
" 9	1.04	0.99	0.97	0.97

Futures have been far from active, but while June and July deliveries showed a decline at the end of the week, August and September have advanced. The following table shows the closing prices of the various deals each day during the week:

	June	July	August	Sept.
Tuesday	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04
Wednesday	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04
Thursday	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04
Friday	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04
Saturday	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04
Sunday	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04

The amount of wheat in sight is diminishing at the rate of over a million bushels per week, despite the increased receipts at some points. It will be noted that the exports are gradually increasing in excess of those of the same time last year. This is evidence of a growing demand abroad, and that the heavy stocks held in Great Britain and Europe the past six months are down to a much lower point, or we should not see any advance in price or an increased demand so near harvest.

European wheat crops at the latest postal reports, in all or nearly all the political divisions, were fairly promising for an average output. Ontario's Bureau of Industries in report for May, 1884, embraces returns from 630 correspondents of May 15. Winter wheat is in a much more satisfactory state than it was in May of last year. Yet it is not uniformly good, and there are some districts in which the outlook is gloomy. This is noticeably the case in the extreme ends of the province—westward of the meridian of Kingston. For the large middle district the accounts are, on the whole, favorable, and the weather of this month has caused a marked improvement to take place everywhere.

A recent report from Paris says that farmers still supply the market very sparingly with wheat, and the general opinion is that their reserves are insignificant, while we still have more than two months to run before the new crop is available. The report also says that the crop of last season in France must have been largely overestimated. In the country markets wheat was generally reported firm and higher. The growing crop is reported to be in a favorable condition.

So far the news from the various sections of the country in regard to the growing crop is generally favorable. In this

State the situation is rather mixed, but a fair average crop seems to be indicated by most reports.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	June 9.	June 2.
Flour, extra State	11s. 2d.	11s. 2d.
do do do	10s. 7d.	10s. 7d.
do Spring No. 2	7s. 4d.	7s. 4d.
do do do	7s. 4d.	7s. 4d.
do Western 1883	7s. 4d.	7s. 4d.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 56,154 bu., against 19,943 bu. the previous week, and 26,712 for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments were 15,115 bu. The visible supply in the country on May 31 amounted to 7,949,413 bu., against 8,452,550 bu. the previous week, and 13,793,546 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 503,137 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 957,270 bu., against 434,336 the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 5,133,168 bu., against 10,302,031 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 61,693 bu., against 11,349 bu. last week, and 43,739 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. In the face of a rapidly diminishing supply of this grain the market continues to rule weak, and values have been depressed all week. No. 2 corn has declined to 54c per bu. in this market, high mixed to 57c, and new mixed to 54c. The last sales of rejected were at 52c. The Chicago market has fluctuated considerably during the week, and closes lower than a week ago. No. 2 spot is selling there at 55c per bu., and for future delivery as follows: June, 55c; July, 56c; August, 57c; September, 58c. The Toledo market is dull, with No. 2 spot quoted at 57c, July delivery at 57c, and August at 58c. The recent frosts did a great deal of damage to the corn crop in many sections of the State, and on heavy land the early planted fared the worst. Where the crop has escaped the frost it is looking well, but needs rain for its ripening. With the present outlook it really seems as if corn is selling at a low price. The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 5s. 4d. per cental for new mixed and 5s. 3d. for old do., an advance over the figures as reported a week ago.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 38,538 bu., against 21,032 the previous week, and 15,375 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments were 1,373 bu. The visible supply of this grain on May 31 was 2,968,297 bu., against 3,988,005 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 72,987 bu., against 55,290 bu. the previous week, and 21,809 bu. at the same date last year. The market is dull, weak and lower. No. 2 white is selling at 36c per bu., and No. 2 mixed at 34c. Receipts are in excess of present requirements. At Chicago there is a steeper feeling apparent, and prices are higher than a week ago. No. 2 mixed spot are selling at 32c, June delivery at 32c, July at 33c, and August at 33c per bu. Toledo is quoted easier, with values lower than a week ago. Cash No. 2 are quoted at 34c@34c, July at 34c, and August at 30c per bu. The New York market is firmer and values are higher on all mixed grades, while western white are generally a shade lower. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 37c; No. 2 do, 38c@38c; No. 1 do, 39c; No. 2 do, 39c mixed, 40c; No. 3 white, 38c@39c; No. 2 do, 40c; No. 1 white, 42c; Western white, 40c@44c; State white, 43c@49c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The demoralization in the butter market continues, and values are irregular and generally lower. The best packages are selling at 15c@16c per lb., and nothing but choice creamery commands over those figures. For the latter quotations range from 20c@22c, with the outlet rather restricted at those figures. A good deal of butter is going into cold storage here, holders not being disposed to accept present prices. Receipts continue very liberal, and as there is a good deal of the receipts of very fair quality, off grades and old packed butter are a complete drag in the market. There is no outlet at present even for good butter, and trade is largely confined to supplying the home demand. There is a large amount of old packed stock in store here, and what to do with it is what puzzles holders, no one wants it at any price. We have frequently spoken of the amount of poor stock that comes to market, and it seems Michigan is not alone in this respect. The Chicago Tribune tells of vile stuff that reaches that market and is sold under the name of butter.

"Probably few of those who make butter realize fully the wretched character of the stuff which makes up the great mass offered as butter in the cities. Almost always it is rancid, reeking with the absorbed odors of the damp, uncleanly cellars of country stores and of city dealers, and has been worked over by the latter until it has become a saline mass which will not remain firm under even a mild degree of heat. The mere thought of processes and the dirty hands under which the stuff passes on its way from the farm-house to the consumer is too much for the appetite of the average person who has seen or learned of the filthy practices common. Butter is one of the most delicate of all articles of human food, but it is in too many cases handled as though it was not even ready to absorb a vile odor and dirt of any kind with which it may come into contact."

It was stuff like the above that made "bogus" butter possible, and keeps the price of good butter below the cost of production, as it seems to be at present. At Chicago the market is improving under a better shipping demand, the result of present low rates. Receipts are large, but are taken readily, a great deal going into store to await better prices. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 19c@20c; fair to choice do, 18c@19c; fancy dairy, 16c@17c; choice dairy, 14c@15c; fair to good do, 12c@13c; common grades, 10c@11c; packing stock, 7c@8c. The New York market has improved somewhat since our last report, but only for choice eastern stock. The N. Y. Daily Bulletin says:

"It looks as though first-class butter had really reached a turning point for the present, and while an active advance of any magnitude can scarcely be calculated upon, buyers seem to have concluded that they can get stock now just as well as by waiting. Indeed, quite a fair call is made for creamery at 20c, with a great deal more trouble experienced in filling the bill than before, as supplies are going into store when not placed quickly, and western makers say they must continue this course. It would, of course, be rather premature to predict results on the storing policy, but taking the experience of former years in conjunction with the full product in prospect this season, and the very indifferent demand for it, it would seem best that anything laid away should not be of a promiscuous character, but only of the most carefully selected goods. State butter not plenty, and fine lots steady. Western factory has a very poor market."

State stock is quoted there as follows: Creamery, fancy, 20c@21c; Creamery, choice, 19c@20c; Creamery, prime, 18c@19c; Creamery, fair to good, 17c@18c; Creamery, ordinary, 16c@17c; Half-drawn tubs, best, 15c@16c; Half-drawn tubs, fair to good, 14c@15c; Welsh tubs, best, 13c@14c; Welsh tubs, fair to good, 12c@13c.

Western imitation creamery, choice, 17c@18c; Western do, good to prime, 16c@17c; Western do, ordinary to fair, 15c@16c; Western factory, best current make, 14c@15c; Western factory, fair to good, 13c@14c; Western factory, ordinary, 12c@13c.

Quotations on western stock in this market are as follows: Western imitation creamery, choice, 17c@18c; Western do, good to prime, 16c@17c; Western do, ordinary to fair, 15c@16c; Western factory, best current make, 14c@15c; Western factory, fair to good, 13c@14c; Western factory, ordinary, 12c@13c.

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending May 31 were 274,634 lbs., against 145,643 lbs. the previous week, and 201,640 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1883 were 249,509 lbs.

While State cheese is nominally unchanged since our last report, there is no doubt but that the market is depressed, and that lower values are nearly certain to obtain within a few days. Prices abroad have declined, and while exports are quite heavy there is more stock offering at most points than is required. Full cream is still quoted here at 12c@13c per lb., but the inside figure is about all that can be realized even on the choicest brands. A good deal of Ohio cheese is offering here on a basis of 10c@11c per lb., but it is inferior to our best Michigan brands, both in quality and flavor. Low grades are selling at 8c@9c per lb., according to quality. At Chicago full creams are lower, as predicted, while skims, having got so low that their manufacture was abandoned by many, are firm and higher owing to a scarcity of stock. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, per lb., 9c@10c; full cream flats, 10c; flats slightly skimmed, 6c@7c; common to fair skims, 2c@4c; low grades, 1c@2c; Young American, 10c. The New York market is again lower, and faulty goods are hard to dispose of at any price. The Daily Bulletin of Saturday says:

"All the perfect quality dead white appears to be out of the way, and the chances are that a few thousand boxes available at the moment they will bring 10c to 10c for tomorrow's steamer; but the straw colored goods are not wanted and 10c@10c are certainly full rates. The general condition of stock is poor and a great many sacrifices will have to be made on the sales, with the chances against a clean closing out of supply. The night skims are not worth above 8c, and poorer lots grade much lower. For Pennsylvania skims we once remember a quotation as low as 10c per box given to any one who would cart them away, but holders say the market is too tight now and no attempt to name a rate is made."

The quotations below are all for new stock: State factory, full cream, 10c@10c; State factory, 1st. ms. prime to choice, 8c@9c; State factory, skims, fair to good, 7c@7c; State factory, choice, 6c@7c; Ohio flats, prime to choice, 5c@6c; Ohio flats, ordinary to good, 4c@5c; Skims, Pennsylvania, fair to good, 3c@4c; Skims, ordinary, 1c@1c.

The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 58s. 0d. per cwt., a decline of 3s. from the figures reported one week ago. The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 61,512 boxes against 56,038 boxes the previous week, and 49,993 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending May 31 foot up 3,113,106 lbs., against 3,335,935 lbs. the previous week, and 855,453 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 2,784,721 lbs.

WOOL.

The wool market has opened in this State, and receipts are quite free at the principal points in the interior. Very little wool comes to this city except in transit, local buyers handling the clips of their neighborhoods and shipping to Boston, Philadelphia and New York, the former city getting the bulk of the clip of the State.

So far prices have ranged very low, unwashed selling from 16 to 20c per lb., a latter being paid in a few instances for a choice clip sheared early and in prime condition. The bulk of the unwashed wool of the State will not realize over 17c@18c. For washed wool, 25c is the bottom price, and from those figures there is a fair chance to secure an advance where the wool is well put up and in fair condition. The highest point reached so far is 30c, at which a few lots of light washed wool have been taken. From 26 to 28c is the general range for good washed wool.

The eastern markets are, as would naturally be expected, dull and listless. With the new clip going forward in large amounts, buyers are not anxious to purchase largely until assured that bottom has been reached. It looks as if any change in the value of wool must be in an upward direction, and stock purchased at present prices is likely to turn out well for those who invest in it. There is one thing certain: no further reduction in the wool tariff is at all likely to be made within the next ten years, while there is quite a probability that the duty of 1887 will be restored. As the foreign wool sales now in progress in London show prices there to be quite strong, it is not possible to import fine clothing wools at present and lay them down in New York or Boston as low as good domestic wools are selling. Taking a look over the wool markets of the world, it seems certain that manufacturers will consult their own interests by securing stocks at as early a date as possible.

At Boston, the past week the sales of wool were only 1,063,400 lbs. domestic and 123,000 lbs. foreign, or 1,141,000 lbs.

in all; against 1,383,000 lbs. the previous week; and 1,484,300 lbs. for the corresponding week of last year. Among the sales of washed fleeces in that market were 18,000 lbs. Ohio X and above at 33c@35c, 58,000 lbs. do X and XX at 35c@37c; 7,000 lbs Michigan and Wisconsin X at 33c@35c. The sales of combing and delaine fleeces comprised 3,000 lbs. coarse Kentucky at 25c; 4,500 lbs medium do at 27c for 4-blood and 29c@30c for 4-blood. Of unwashed we note sales of 10,000 lbs. fine unwashed Maine at 24c; 15,000 lbs. medium do at 25c; 20,000 Michigan at 22c; 25c; 57,000 lbs. Georgia at 25c; 215,700 lbs. Texas at 20c@26c; 19,000 lbs. Texas carpet at 15c@17c; 80,500 lbs. spring California at 15c@25c; 81,000 lbs. Kansas, Wyoming and Oregon, part at 19c; 9,300 lbs. Ohio and other fat sheep at 20c@22c; 2,500 lbs. mohair at 35c@40c; 136,500 lbs. unwashed and unmerchanted at 18c@28c. The sales of foreign wools comprised 45,800 lbs. Australian at 39c@40c. The Boston Commercial Bulletin takes a very dark view of the future of the wool trade and says:

"The market is dull and weak, and prices are tending downward. Whatever the future may develop, the present certainly indicates that prices have not yet touched the bottom here in Boston. That there is no deception in the depressed condition of the manufacturing interests is evident from the auction sales noted in our dry goods report; and it is a fact that all woolens at private sale are fully ten per cent cheaper to-day than they were when the samples were first shown two months ago."

In fact, the average prices of woolen goods are now back where they were in the spring of 1879; and dealers consequently believe that it will not be safe for them to buy new wools at any higher prices than were paid in the country five years ago. It will be remembered that Michigan X fleeces were sold in Boston that year at 30c, and at least one choice lot of 100,000 lbs. of Ohio XX sold at 30c.

A temporary scarcity of good fleeces has led to the purchase of some parcels of early Texas wool staple for warp at higher prices than can now be duplicated, and the Texas market is already settling downward as supplies of good warp wools begin to increase. Even the brokers are now talking prices which are very magnanimous of them, in view of the fact that their earnings are based upon the money value of wool. If a broker sells 100,000 pounds of wool at 40c, his commission amounts to \$400, while if he sells the same 100,000 pounds at 30c, his commission amounts to but \$300.

"Shearing is now in progress in Ohio and Michigan, and while we have no desire to join in the usual 'bear' cry, we must admit that if the present condition of things continues, manufacturers are likely to buy Michigan wool in this market in July at 30c, and Ohio X at 32c. It may not be possible to buy those wools in the country at the quotations of 25c and 27c@28c respectively which are now being reported; but purchasers who are not buying for immediate use will certainly not be regarded with complacency during the summer months."

At New York there is very little doing, with no change to note in prices. The Economist says:

"The market remains quiet and quotations unaltered. The stock of old wool being small and new wool coming forward slowly makes but little to work upon, so that dealers are awaiting developments. In Texas we learn that things remain somewhat quiet and that growers are holding for former prices, while buyers are reluctant to give them. In California there are no large transactions to note. The scourers are taking some so to keep at work, but holders there are altogether too firm for any profit."

The Daily Commercial Bulletin of Saturday, in its review of the market, says:

"It is naturally expected that by the time the new clips come in and are sorted up the wants of buyers and the attractions of the offering will be sufficient to draw out a better demand, but as yet there is little to warrant the assumption that a positive advance to give figures will certainly not be regarded with complacency during the summer months."

Late advices from London report fine wool very firm, as it is all over Europe, owing to a drought in Australia which may have considerable effect. No one can tell what a drought in Australia may mean. We publish in another column a report of sales in the interior the past week.

THE WOOL TARIFF.

If the signs of the times are to be relied upon it is apparent that wool-growers will not be called upon very soon to stand a further reduction of the tariff. At the recent national convention of wool-growers two committees were appointed, one to attend the Republican and the other the Democratic National Convention, to use their best efforts to secure in the platform of the two parties a plank favoring the restoration of the duties of 1887 upon wools. The result of the committee's work is apparent in the following paragraph:

"We recognize the importance of sheep husbandry in the United States, the serious depression which it is now experiencing, and the danger threatening its future prosperity, and we therefore respect the demand of the representatives of this important agricultural interest for a readjustment of duty upon foreign wool, in order that such industry shall have full adequate protection."

Now, let the committee appointed to attend the Democratic convention be ready to take hold of the matter in earnest when it assembles, and we have no doubt but that a similar declaration can be secured from that party. With the two great parties pledged to this measure our wool-growers may reasonably hope that the tariff of 1887 may be re-enacted, and wool-growing again become a remunerative business.

We are indebted to Prof. W. J. Beal of the Agricultural College, Secretary of the American Pomological Society, for a copy of the proceedings of the Society at its nineteenth annual session.

BARBED-WIRE FENCES.

VOLINIA, June 8, 1884.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I read an article in the FARMER of May 6th from your valued correspondent "H. A. H." in regard to barbed wire fences, that somewhat astonished me. I have been very much interested and instructed by his legal opinions in regard to the laws affecting farmers. It is certainly a very valuable feature of our excellent paper. But when he ventures opinions beyond his legal profession that affect farmers, I hope he will excuse me for some disagreement and friendly criticism. In the article referred to there is a clause that reads thus: "They are cruel, dangerous, inconvenient, unsightly in appearance, and have but one redeeming quality which appeals only to man's meanest propensity, namely they are cheap; and a stingy or lazy man can get one of them for less money or less work than he can get a good, decent, civilized fence for." Now that is a little too much of a good thing, and puts a little weight on us farmers who are building barbed-wire fences. "They are cruel and dangerous." I suppose because stock sometimes get injured by them. So they do by rail, board and picket fences; horses sometimes run into rail fences and get maimed and sometimes killed; cattle sometimes get their legs broken and cows get their udders injured. The same can be said of board and picket fences, children sometimes get hung on them, and sometimes lose their lives; men and women sometimes get injured by them, but I never heard of them being called cruel or dangerous. He says: "They are inconvenient." So they are. They are terribly inconvenient for the hired man to sit on; then they afford no shade where he might spend a little time pleasantly from the scorching rays of the hot sun. They are very inconvenient for thieves to climb to get some of your choicest fruit; also for hunters and fishermen to go across logs and tangle your grass and grain. Inconvenient hardly expresses the term. "They are unsightly." I suppose that depends on a man's notions of beauty. A properly-constructed barbed wire fence to me is a thing of beauty. It is true that many farmers are opposed to barbed wire fences; so they were to threshing machines when they first came into use, they were dangerous and cruel; some people got their arms torn off by them and some got killed; the straw was not fit for feed; but nevertheless they came in to use; I suppose because the farmers were too stingy to hire men to beat off the grain with flails, or too lazy to do it themselves. He says they are cheap. That is so. But we must not think of taking advantage of their cheapness for it appeals to man's meanest propensity. I supposed heretofore that economy was a commendable virtue. How vain we are! Now my experience is that they are the cheapest, and most substantial and efficient fence that can be built; and when properly constructed are as free from danger as any other fence. Their advantages over other forms of fence are many and important. They are durable, cause no snow drifts to obstruct the highways, and kill strips of wheat along their course. They are tidy and cause no shade to mellow the ground and encourage thistles, briars and other foul stuff.

I will give my experience in their use and construction in some future article. M. J. GARD.

Notes About Wool and Sheep.

J. EVARTS SMITH, of Ypsilanti, reports that his flock of Merinos, comprising 138 head, of which 75 were lambs one year old, and the balance breeding ewes, sheared an average of 12 lbs. 4 oz. per head. He sold his clip at 18c a lb. all around.

One of the beauties of sheep husbandry is that a sheep can be killed at any time and the carcass used or disposed of. It is very easy to dispose of what is not needed. This cannot be done with cattle. Where sheep are kept, therefore, fresh meat is practically at hand any time.

In its wool items the U. S. Economist observes: "Wool has commenced to move in the State of Michigan at pretty low figures, viz. 16 to 20c for unwashed, and 25 to 27c for washed. At these figures it is high time buyers were set on as prices are low enough." We believe that wools bought on the basis of these figures will be found to be good property before three months have passed.

VERMONT Merino sheep are now in demand throughout the United States and Mexico, and even Australian sheep raisers are buying their best blooded stock from that State. Last year one sheep raiser sold forty head to an Australian wool-grower for \$10,000. From one county alone \$60,000 worth of sheep were sent. Prices range from \$25 to \$50, according to sex and quality of animal. A party of twenty recently arrived from Australia for Vermont to buy sheep.

We find the above in a New York daily paper, and also in the Post and Tribune of this city. It was news six months ago, but is none the less when the Australian ports are closed against American sheep. Our daily contemporaries ought to give their readers something a little fresher than this.

Stock Notes.

Mr. B. B. HARDY, of Owosso, recently lost a valuable two months old Holstein heifer from heart disease.

MESSES. C. HIBBARD & SON, of Bennington, Shawassee County, have purchased of J. Evans Smith, of Ypsilanti, 232 year-old red Vermont Merino ewes. These added to the flock previously owned by the Messrs. Hibbard will give them a fine breeding flock.

J. A. ARMSTRONG, of Owosso, breeder of Scotch collies, has added two pups, purchased in Mississippi, to his breeding kennels. Mr. Armstrong is doing a fine business with his dogs and chickens. At the late city election he was elected treasurer for the third time.

Mr. C. F. MOORE, of St. Clair, Mich., has sold to John Atkinson, of Lexington, Sanilac County, the Shorthorn bull Lord Byron 44168, by 23d Duke of Aldridge 13863, out of Tea Rose 3d (Vol. 17) by Tom Scott 31238. Lord Byron is a red in color, was calved August 12, 1881, and bred by Mr. Moore.

W. C. MILROX, of Mt. Clemens, has purchased from J. C. Hagaman, of Pomo, the young Shorthorn bull Grand Duke 2d by Earl of Springfield 29487, and out of White Rose, a noted cow of Mr. Hagaman's herd. Mr. M.

is breeding up a dairy herd, and takes this means of getting one he can rely upon.

Mr. JAMES OLIVER, the well known plow manufacturer of South Bend, Ind., has purchased from Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, of Walkerville, Ont., a trio of Berkshires. They are highly bred, the two sows being from a sow by Duke of Kilmory 2291, and sired by a boar imported last season by the Messrs. Walker, from the Prince Consort's Stock Farm, England, tracing direct to stock bred by Heber Humphrey. This boar is by the noted boar Fair Play, bred in Canada from imported stock, and one of the best individual animals we have seen. The dam was also by Fair Play. The pigs are very fine ones, and will make a good foundation to breed from.

Wool Sales in the Interior.

The first sale of wool at Pontiac was at 25c. The Lapeer Democrat quotes wool at 25c@26c. At Lawton, wool is selling freely at 25c@27c for washed.

At Plymouth, Wayne Co., buyers are offering 25c@26c.

The Kalamazoo wool market is reported steady at 25 cents.

The first clip of wool marketed at Constantine brought 28 cents.

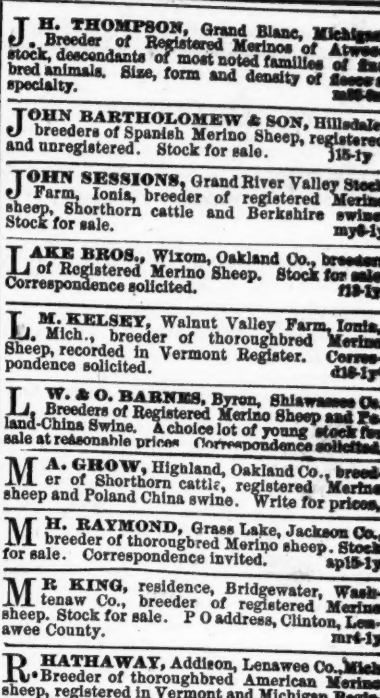
At Ypsilanti prices so far range from 25 to 27c, according to quality.

The Sanilac Reporter quotes wool at 27c@30c, with liberal receipts.

The Portland Observer quotes wool at 28c@30c in its local market reports.

DIRECTORY

T. H. THOMPSON *General*

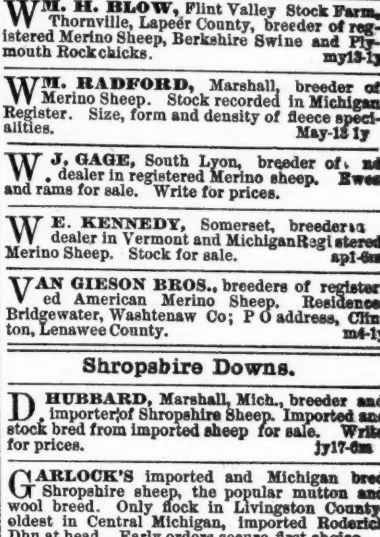


S. B. HAMMOND, breeder of Registered Merino Sheep, proprietor of "Prairie Home" Stock Farm, Kalamazoo, Mich. Stock for sale.

S. S. BREWSTER, Hanover, Jackson Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Jan 15

W. M. C. SMITH, Brookdale farm, breeder of thoroughbred registered Merino sheep. The pioneer flock this part of this State. Stock for sale. Jan 15

P. O. Carson City, Montcalm County, Mich. Jan 15



LEWIS WILLEY, Pewamo, Kent County
breeder of Saropshire Downa from importa
stock. The mutton sheep of the world. my1-8

L EWIS WILEY, Pevamo, Kent County, breeder of Sarophore Downs from imported stock. The mutton sheep of the world. my1-8

HOGS.—Berkshires & Suffolks.

F RANK SPAULDING, Charlotte, Michigan breeder of Improved Berkshires, All Berkshire swine recorded. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. n39-1

GEO. B COLE, Lansing, Mich. breeder of Berkshires and Suffolk Swine. All Berkshire stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. o100



W. TITSWORTH, Millington, Tuscola Co.
breeder and shipper of Improved Cheshires.

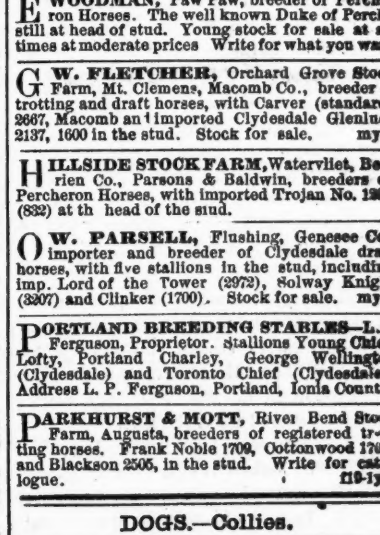
Cheshires.

W. TITSWORTH, Millington, Tuscola Co., Ill., breeder and shipper of Improved Cheshire Swine—a specialty. Order early. Correspondence solicited. jan18-1906

HORSES.—Draft and Trotting.

A. LONZO SESSIONS, Grand River Valley Stock Farm, Ionia, breeder of Cleveland Bay Coach and Roadster horses. Imported Dalesmen in the stud. my6-

J. WOODMAN, Box 200, breeder of Berkshire



CHARLES INMAN, Averill, Midland Co.
breeder of thoroughbred Scotch Collies. Shows
herd pups from the best of stock for \$3. Corre-
pondence solicited. mar18

CHARLES INMAN, Averill, Midland Co. breeder of thoroughbred Scotch Collies. Shorthair pups from the best of stock for \$3. Correspondence solicited. Covers
mar19

"SCOTCH COLLIES."

Lords of the Highlands. I am breeding them from the best and purest imported stock, and have lately made several additions to my kennel of lines of superior individual excellence. I have also three of the finest breeding yards of Pyrenean Rocks in the west. My Berkshires are hard registered. Send for circular. Address mar19
J. A. ARMSTRONG, Owosso, Mich.

A. I. MURPHY



Poetry.

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb
By a sort of strength or a thought that is clever
We plan to outwit and forestall Time.

We seem to wait for the thing worth having;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn.
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the good time gone.

We force our roses before their season,
To bloom and blossom, that we may wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
We want wealth, not as reward, but power;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would feed a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet to shrink from the winning
To thrust for glory, yet to fear the fight;
Why, what can it lead to at last but aiming,
To mental lag and moral blight?

Better the slow way of striving
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in striving
And to grasp for pleasures we have not won.

—Ella Wheeler.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Nift down to useless dreaming:
Labor is the sweetest joy.

Folded hands are ever weary,
Slothful hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief dispelling wiles.

As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened heart.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort—
Give and thy reward shall be.

From the perfect fountain-head;
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful heart be shed.

HE KNOWETH WHAT IS IN THE DARKNESS.

Cottage or hall,
Great things or small—
God knoweth all.

Sunniest lot
Hath a dark blot—
God knoweth what.

Laughter floats by,
Drowning a sigh—
God knoweth why.

Two in the gloom,
One marked for doom—
God knoweth whom.

Hope saith to man
Not "Now" but "Then"—
God knoweth when.

But, for our rest,
All things attest,
"God knoweth best."

Miscellaneous.

MARY ABBOT'S TRYST.

PART I.

Some years ago there sat one afternoon
In the parlor of a Devon farm house
A middle aged man and a girl of about
Twenty, in earnest talk.

The walls of the room were low, and
Some heavy oak beams across the ceiling
Made it lower. The room looked com-
fortable, and though all the furniture had
seen service the woodwork shone with
the polish of daily friction, and the chintz
coverings of the sofa and chairs
were spotlessly clean. A few prints
in black frames hung on the walls,
the open door of a corner cup-
board showed that it was full of old
china, and a long low glass was over the
fireplace. A bowl filled with roses stood
on the table—single white roses with
golden eyes, smelling so sweetly and look-
ing so pure; roses of the past, for they are
only to be seen now in a few old fashion-
ed country gardens.

The young girl, Mary Abbot, looked as
fresh and as sweet as the roses did; a letter
lay in her lap, and every now and then
she nervously unfolded and folded it
again while she talked. There was a
timid expression in her sweet face, but
her low broad forehead, square brows and
well formed mouth indicated latent
strength of will.

Her companion sat by the open window,
looking into the pretty little garden, gay
just now with stocks and pansies and
sweet williams. He was frowning, and the
expression on his sunburnt face showed
that he differed from the girl.

"You are very headstrong, Mary," he
said. She looked at him sweetly.

"I'm sorry I can't do as you wish,
uncle. I made a promise to Willie, and I
must keep it, whatever happens. Don't
fear for me—the color flew into her
cheeks and a lovely light shone in her
deep gray eyes—"I have such trust in him
—why, the very feeling that I am going to
meet him will keep me up in any trials
that may happen on the way." And I say,
my companion said doggedly,
"what I said before. Somerfield ought
not to expect you to go out to him. If
he's as well off as he states let him come
and fetch you. You promised to go out to
New York; he's a long way off New York,
now, and to my thinking this change of
place frees you from any promise you
may have made."

"Ah! but uncle, my promise was to go
when he sent for me," she said simply.

"Well, there's no use in arguing. I'm
thinking of all you'll have to go through;
but that you can't even guess at. It's
ignorance makes you brave, my dear—if
you would but trust me—"

She interrupted him—
"It's no use talking, uncle; my mind is
made up. I promise you I'll never leave
dear Aunt Martha while she lives, and I
hope she may be spared to us for some
years yet; so you see there's no use in
talking any more about it. I may not
have to go to Willie for a long while."

"Well, I hope before the time comes
he'll have tired of waiting," her uncle said
to himself. He said to Mary.
"Has the doctor been to-day?"
"No, but I'm expecting him."

"He tells me he has a bad opinion of
my poor sister's chance. Well, my dear, I
must be going home. Think over what
I've said. I'll look in to-morrow, and hear
what the doctor says."

He took his departure, and the young
girl went upstairs to her patient. She felt
very sad. Her position was a painful one.
She wished to keep her aunt, and yet she
longed to be with her lover.

More than a year ago Mary Abbot's
promised husband—the son of a neighbor-
ing farmer—had found himself unable to
settle down to an agricultural life and had
gone to seek his fortune in America. He
went against the wish of his sweetheart
and the advice of his friends; but his
father, seeing how unsettled his son was,
and how bent he was on going, at last
consented and gave him money for his
passage, and promised to send out
sufficient funds for a short stay in the
United States. His idea was that his son
would soon grow discontented and come
back cured of his roving fancies.

At first the young man's letters praised
everything he saw, but gave little hope
that he would earn his own living. His
father said, "Willie will be home before
six months are out."

But by the time the six months ended
Somerfield's letters had gradually
changed. He wrote that his luck had
taken a turn; he had left New York and
had gone into partnership with several
friends of his. At the year's end he
wrote—
"We are doing a roaring trade; in fact,
we are making money as fast as it can be
made. In a few years I shall be a rich
man."

But he made no answer to his father's
question as to the nature of the business
he was engaged in.

To Mary Abbot he wrote about his suc-
cess in the same effusive style.
"I am looking forward," he wrote, "to
having my dear little wife soon in the
comfortable home I have got for her."

In this last letter, which had created the
dispute between Mary and her uncle, he
urged her more strongly.

"I wish, my darling," the letter said,
"that you would come to me at once. I
am quite ready for you, but I know you
won't leave your aunt while she lives.
Perhaps it is wiser not to do so. Don't
misunderstand me, my dear, when I say,
remembering how delicate and ailing your
aunt is, I feel the happy time can't be far
off when I shall hold my darling Mary in
my arms again. No disrespect to the old
lady, be sure of that, far from it, but in
course of nature it must be as I say—I
hope my Mary will come to me the mo-
ment she is free—she cannot come too
soon for her loving and devoted
WILLIE."

That part of the letter relating to her
aunt had given the girl much pain; it
seemed to her "cruel and unfeeling" when
he knows how dearly I love aunt; and
then her love found an excuse for him.
"It is his love for me," she thought, "his
wish to see me that makes him selfish. I
cannot expect him to love dear aunt as I
do, and indeed"—she sighed as she re-
membered—"she was never very kind to
poor Willie."

Ten days after the talk between Mary
Abbot and her uncle Aunt Martha died.
On her will being read it was found that
with the exception of a few trifling lega-
cies to her brother John and to others, she
had left her savings to her "dear niece
Mary Abbot, who had been as a daughter
to her." She left her also some silver
plate and her furniture and other effects.
The sum of money left was nearly three
hundred pounds.

Mary wrote to her lover a few days after
her aunt's loss. She was very full of
grief.

"Now my dearest aunt is gone I am
very desolate. I have only you to care
for me."

As soon as the will had been read she
wrote again to tell her lover of her good
fortune. She asked his advice about it.
The first sorrow for her aunt was over,
and her letter was full of love. She told
Somerfield she was ready to go to him if
he wished it, and to follow his advice in
all things. Her cheeks glowed and her
sweet eyes had grown liquid as she wrote.

This letter had only been gone a fort-
night when she received her lover's an-
swer to the announcement of her aunt's
death. After a few words of condolence:
"Now, my darling," he wrote, "you will
fly to me as soon as you have settled your
affairs. I am transported with delight at
the idea of seeing you. I feel sure that
your aunt has left you all she had. Send
me particulars forthwith and I will tell you
what to do. Things are different over
here, gold is more useful than bank notes
and any other property should without
loss of time, be turned into cash."

Mary put down the letter—she felt dis-
gusted, it seemed to her that Willie showed
too much keenness after money; but her
love soon exorcised him, and she went on
reading the loving words which ended
the letter.

"He's in business now," she thought,
"and I believe business men get it to think
that making money and investing it is the
one aim of life. It is no wonder that com-
panionship with men of that sort has made
my darling worldly. Never mind, he'll
soon get all right again when he has me
with him." Her cheeks flushed with de-
light at the thought of the happy life that
lay before her.

Somerfield answered her second letter
by next mail. He congratulated her on
her good luck, which he said was better
than he had expected. "You have got
quite a nice little nest-egg," he said. "I
hadn't a notion the old lady was so warm.
Turn everything into cash," he went on,
"and bring it over here as much as you
can in gold. You had best carry it in a
small bag, which you must not lose sight
of. I am longing to see you, my dear, and
I should like you to start by the next
steamer from Liverpool. Write and tell
me the name of the vessel as soon as you
have taken your passage. I shall be wait-
ing for you in New York, and as soon as
we are married I will take you to the dear
little home I have all ready for you; my
own Mary. I hope you will be pleased
with it, darling. How proud I shall be to
see you in it, my own dear little wife."

This part of the letter touched the girl

so strongly that she was not disposed to
find fault with the beginning. Somerfield
ended by repeating his instructions about
the money. "You must not listen to the
lawyer chap or anybody. I am on the
spot, and I must know best how you
should manage."

Mary, however, found herself obliged to
consult "the lawyer chap" of the neigh-
boring town. She was of age, and the
money had been left entirely to her; there
was no one who could interfere with her
disposal of it. The farm stock and furni-
ture were disposed of, and by the time all
was settled Mary found that she possessed
nearly four hundred pounds.

Her uncle had renewed his opposition to
her departure, but Mary would not listen
to him. The lawyer disapproved her plan
of taking out her little fortune to the
States, and suggested a safe plan of in-
vestment; but Mary shook her head.

"I am bound to follow out Mr. Somer-
field's advice," she said; "he must have
good reasons for giving it."

The lawyer smiled, but he was wiser
than uncle John. He gave her his opinion,
and then seeing that she had made up her
mind, he said no more.

"There's no more use in arguing with
a girl in love, than there would be in try-
ing to get milk out of a flint," he said to
himself.

Mary's preparations were soon complet-
ed, and when she had written to tell her
lover the name of the steamer and the
date fixed for starting, she said farewell
to her friends and set off for Liverpool.

PART II.

The voyage passed pleasantly. Mary
proved herself an excellent sailor, and
greatly enjoyed her sea experience.

She found, too, a pleasant friend in the
captain of the steamer, who was by good
luck a Devon man, and to whose care her
uncle John had reluctantly, and proving
himself better in deed than in word, had
gone with her to Liverpool and seen her
safe on board.

The girl's good looks, her sweet ways,
and unprotected position, made the
captain take a great interest in her. He
was double her age, and though at first
Mary was shy and reticent, she soon began
to feel confidence in him, and one day she
told him her story yet more fully than her
uncle had done.

The captain shook his head, and he
looked grave. He did not like her lover's
plan of taking her at once from New York
into the interior.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you
must excuse my plain speaking, but I do
not like Mr. Somerfield's plan. I have
heard no good of that part of the country;
'tis a wild, uncivilized part—by no means
fit for a delicate young woman—'tis only
fit for men who are out seeking their
fortunes, and who don't mind rough liv-
ing."

"Ah! but, sir," she answered quickly,
"you forget that I shall be well taken
care of, and that I have a dear little home
waiting for me."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.
"That all looks pretty on paper, my
dear—excuse the liberty of calling you so—
and I don't doubt it from that point; but
I've heard several queer stories from those
parts, and I fancy those that go there are
not to be envied."

"I'm sure Mr. Somerfield would not
want to take me where I shall not be com-
fortable and happy." Mary tossed her
pretty head. "I don't mind roughing it a
bit, so long as—as—" she stopped,
blushing like a rose.

"So long as he's with you. I under-
stand," the captain laughed. "Quite
right and proper, no doubt; still, human
nature is human nature, and we mustn't
put too big a strain on it."

Mary pressed her lips closely, and shook
her head.

"I'm not afraid, sir. I'm not so delicate
as I look, and I've done plenty of work in
my time, and if needful, why, I can do it
again."

The captain's eyes were full of deep ad-
miration as he answered—"That I'd take
my oath on, my dear girl. It's your delicate
ones that have the luck; you'll get till
you drop. I know, bless you; but, all the
same, a man oughtn't to put it on you to
rough it."

At this she pouted a little and turned
away from her kind friend. She thought
he meant well, but—"Well, he presumes
on my confidence; I've been too open,
perhaps." Then she cried softly to her-
self—"Better the men, they are all alike.
Talk of women being spiteful, indeed!
I'm sure men have been horribly mean
about my Willie. Well, the best excuse
for this one is that he's never seen him; so
how can he judge?"

By the time she had taken two turns up
and down the captain was beside her again.

"Beg pardon, Miss Abbot," he said,
"but we shall soon be in sight of the har-
bor, and I want to talk to you about that
precious bag."

By her uncle's advice Mary had given
her treasure into the captain's charge, and
he had told her it was safe in his cabin.

"Keep it, captain," she said, "till you
give it up to Mr. Somerfield along with
me."

He smiled. "I like to see your confi-
dence, but still think—happen which way
no one can guard against—something might
delay your friend a day or so; then, as he
saw her face sadden at his words, he added,
"although I don't doubt but what he's
in New York waiting for you by this time.
Still, it may not be so, especially as our
passage has been a short one."

"Well," Mary said.

"I'm coming to that," the captain was
amused by her impatience, "it's just
possible you'll have to stay at the hotel
till he arrives, and in that case I advise
you to take out, before we land, some money
for expenses, and I'll give the bag in
charge of the landlord where you lodge."

"I know Willie will be waiting for me,"
Mary said, but she saw the reasonableness
of this advice, and after a few more words
she went with the captain to his cabin and
took out a sufficient sum to provide for
several days' stay in New York. She did
this in simple obedience. "But I'm sure
I shan't want it," she said. It seemed to
her impossible that her Willie could fail
to keep his tryst.

Very early next morning, before the
passengers had left their berths, Mary
learned that they were in the harbor.

It seemed to her as if she were in a
dream. She got up and dressed herself
mechanically. She could not touch her
breakfast. It did not matter to her what
the Captain had said. She knew that she
should see Willie waiting for her.

The Captain felt a pressure on his arm
as he stood saying "Good-by" to his
passengers. Mary was beside him, her
soft eyes filled with happy light, while a
flower-like color dyed each cheek. There
was no need to tell the Captain what she
saw, but, following the direction of her
eyes, he singled out of the crowd on shore
the gangway a tall young fellow
waving his hat, and thus showing a
handsome head covered with rich red
chestnut curls. The eyes looked red, too,
but they were smiling till they narrowed
to a line between the young man's black
eyelashes.

"I see him," the Captain said. "Any-
way," he thought, "he's a fine looking
chap enough, though a bit devil-may-
careish, and there's no mistake that he's
glad to see her. All right, my dear girl,
keep close to me, and in a few minutes
your sweetheart can come aboard."

Mary stood quietly beside the Captain,
but her pulses were leaping with excite-
ment, though it seemed still to her that
it was all a dream, and that when her
lover, who looked to her more beautiful
than ever, came on board, she would
waken suddenly to find herself still ex-
pecting him.

PART III.

The bright promise of the morning had
faded into a gloomy afternoon when the
train, after a long interval, once more
stopped, and her lover hands Mary out of it.

As the girl looks round her she thinks
this is surely the wildest, most lonely
place she has ever seen. It looks like a
vast clearing made for this out-of-the-
world station; tree stumps show here and
there on the waste, and in front is a dark
horizon of forest. Behind lies the lofty
ridge of hills out of which the train has
emerged, and on the right is another hill
with a tunnel below, towards which the
train they have quitted is already on its
way.

Hours have passed since Mary said
"Good-by" to her friend the captain, and
yet she feels still as if she were dreaming.
She walks on beside her lover. The road
is so rough that she fancies it can only
be half made, and she stumbles more than
once over stones or huge lumps of earth.
She looks up at her tall handsome lover.
Surely she ought to feel very happy—her
longing wish is fulfilled—and yet she can-
not shake off the disappointment he has
caused her. His letter had said they were
to be married as soon as she landed,
and that he would then take her to the
house he had made for her in the wild
country he now lived in; but after his first
rapturous greeting, as soon as he found
himself alone with her, Somerfield told
her that his plans were altered, and that
he had settled to go on without delay to
a station near the house of a friend of
his, an old woman, who would care for
Mary as if the girl were her own child.

"Your luggage can be sent after us,
and when it arrives and my darling is
rested from her fatigue," he said, "we
will take another railway journey to
Onona and get married."

This has been said so lovingly that, al-
though Mary protested, she felt herself to
be ungracious. Somerfield gave her no
time to reflect. In a few minutes she
was driven off to a railway station with
only her small bag of necessities and the
precious treasure bag which the Captain
had handed to her lover.

During the journey Mary thinks her
companion has grown very grave; but
then he has been absorbed in listening to
the story of her aunt's illness and to the
account of her voyage; and, indeed, in
the delight of his presence she takes little
notice of his manner.

As they now walk side by side the dream
like expectancy is so strongly on Mary's
nerves that she feels as if she must cry
out or take some other decided way of
banishing it. She stumbles again and
would have fallen, but Somerfield catches
her. The oath he utters makes her shud-
der and she draws away from his support-
ing arm.

This is not the first from him that she
has heard and she remembers sadly that
swearing was not a habit of Willie's in
the old days.

"If I had only come to him sooner!"
She wishes she were his wife; this would
give her a chance to remonstrate. But
surely, even as it is, she ought not to let
him suppose that she is willing to tolerate
such words.

"Are the men very rough you go among,
dear?" she says, timidly.

It is now a gloomy evening, the sun has
nearly set, and they are just entering the
wood they have so long seen in front of
them. It is yet darker here, and although
she cannot see her lover's face distinctly,
he turns his head away from his com-
panion.

She feels sure she has vexed him, and
now that she rouses herself to think, she
sees that he must have been vexed for
some time past, and that is why he has
been so silent as they have walked along.
She cannot tell how it has happened,
but she must make it up at once. She
clasps both hands round his arm, and looks
up at him lovingly; but he keeps his face
turned away from her.

"Please don't be angry with me, dar-
ling," she says softly, "I never heard you
speak so before, and it—it frightened me."

"Did it?" he says gruffly, and there is
another pause of silence.

It has now grown so dark that Mary is
glad to take her lover's arm. The path
leads smoother under foot, and this gives
her hope that they are approaching a
more civilized part, for she has not seen
so much as a cabin since they left the
station.

The only sound since they entered the
wood has been the snap of a dry twig un-
der foot or a rustling among the brush-
wood. Now there comes a low murmur,
which soon swells into a louder sound.

"Hark!" Mary stands still. "Surely
we are near a river; you said your friend
lived near the river?"

"Yes, it is a river." Then he says
more gently. "There, there, my dear,
you mustn't take notice of my strange way,
it's all along of my being glad to see you
again; you mustn't mind; we are a bit
rough out here, you know," and he puts
his hand on hers, draws it through his
arm and keeps it tightly clasped.

She has not known how frightened she
was till now; her misgivings melt in a sob
of relief, and, bending down, she kisses
the hand that holds hers.

"There, there," he speaks roughly
again, "we must hurry on if we're to
reach Mrs. Davies' before night; we shall
have the old woman turning in before we
get there."

"Doesn't she expect me?" Mary timidly
asks.

"She expects you, sure enough," he an-
swers, "but the day wasn't fixed; I wasn't
sure about that till the vessel was sig-
naled; seldom any one has so quick a
passage." Then he says, abruptly, "You
must be very tired, my dear; I've half a
mind to carry you," and he laughs loudly.

"No—oh, no, thank you," she shrinks
away; his strange manner frightens her.
If she did not know it was impossible, she
would fancy he had been drinking since
he left the station. She has wakened
thoroughly at last.

This is not the Willie Somerfield who
left her sobbing her heart out for his sake.
Something has altered him. But she
reproaches herself. When she is his wife
he will soon be all right again.

The wood has become thinner; it is not
so dark as it was; the noise of the river is
nearer; they have reached the edge of the
forest. As Mary looks out between the
trees she sees that a deep gully separates
them from the road. She cannot pass
without help.

"The devil!" her companion exclaims;
"while you have been jawing me we have
come out of the way, but it don't matter."
He flings first one bag and then the other
across, and then bending down he raises
her in his arms and goes carefully down
one side of the cleft and up the other.

"There!" he says, as he lands safely on
the other side.

"How strong you are!" She looks up
admiringly, while he stands breathing
hard from the exertion he has made.

"It don't take much to lift you." Then,
turning to her, he adds, "You're such a
dainty little morsel, ladybird."

The sight of the broad gray river makes
Mary feel giddy, and she clings closely
to her lover's arm as they walk beside it.
She cannot help shivering, the water looks
so cold and deep. Somerfield points on-
ward—"There's the bridge," he says.

The place is so wild, so lonely, and the
bridge is so slight, that it seems wonder-
ful it has not been swept away.

"Shall we have to cross the bridge?"
As she speaks Mary stands still, trem-
bling. She feels a sudden dread; it seems
to her the bridge will break when they
reach the middle of the river, and the cold
gray water will close over their heads.

Somerfield turns to her angrily. "Of
course we must cross it; what fools women
are!" and catching her hand, he hurries
her on at such a pace that she soon loses
her breath.

"Stop, stop, Willie; oh, please stop,"
she gasps, "I can't go so fast."

He answers her with an oath, bends
down his frowning face to her, and then
he lifts her suddenly from the ground as
if she were a child, and hurries on. At
first she lies still in his arms, but as her
breath comes back she feels that he is
turning to the bridge; again an irrepress-
ible horror seizes her—she cries out and
struggles violently to free herself. "Be
quiet, you little fool," she sees Somerfield's
red eyes glare fiercely as he swings her
forward, then he grasps her on her shoulders,
she clings desperately to him now. He
wrenches one hand, then the other away,
and pushes her from him. She feels that
she is falling, there is a despairing cry—a
splash—and the dark water closes over
her.

PART IV.

Mary rouses from what seems deep
slumber. There is a rushing sound in her
ears, and she opens her eyes. She sees
only the grey, cold river. Is she floating
along with it? No, her right hand grasps
some substance, and she feels fastened
down by the weight of her clothes.

She cannot move; she looks up, the
stars are shining overhead; and as by
degrees she rouses to fuller consciousness
she sees that she has been caught among
the roots of a huge withered tree.

She lies there white and exhausted, and
as memory brings back the terrible scene
she passed through she wishes she had
never wakened.

FRENCH PHONETICS.

"Know you zee song? I hear him sing last night like him much, so here ze name I write down as I hear him, but not understand that tee it is. Ze time is grand!"

Read the paper and held up to view this legend quaint: "Pas d'elle yeux Rhone ou Rhone."

Read it out, repeated it aloud, and then it then did light through the cloud.

Phonetic spelling well the Frenchman knew, for thus it read: "Paddle your own canoe."

The Old Printer.

And so, year after year, he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He would get about the time the rest of the world got up, and he arose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in; then they had oil lamps that smoked and sputtered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphor and spirit gas; then kerosene came in and heated up the news-room on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put gas; and now the electric light swung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes and glared into his from his copy. If he sang on his way home a policeman would "cheese" that, and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace and that he wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep the rest of the world, for he had sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by the noisy streets under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared with brass bands, howled with hand-organs, talked and shouted, and even the shrieking newboys, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by calling the name of his own paper.

Year after year the foreman roared at him to remember that this wasn't an afternoon paper; editors shrieked down the line to have a blind man put on that dead man's case; smart young proof-readers scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof slips they didn't know how to read; long-winded correspondents learning to write, and long-haired poets who could never learn to spell, writhingly cast all their imperfections upon his head. But through it all he wrought patiently, and found more sunshine than shadow in the world; he had more friends than enemies. Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters came and went, and he stayed, and he saw newsmen and sanctum filled and emptied and filled and emptied again and filled again with new, strange faces. He believed in his craft, and to the end he had a silent pity, that came as near being contempt as his god, forgiving old heart could feel, for an editor who had not worked his way from a regular devilish past the case and the imposing stone. He worked all that night, and when the hours that are so short in the ballroom and so long in the composing-room drew nearly on, he was tired. He hadn't known in a very full case, he said, and he had to climb clear into the boxes and take a type up to an corner before he could get hold of it. One of the boys, tired as himself, but a printer is never too tired to be good-natured—offered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in the case to last him through this take, and he wouldn't work any more to night. The type clicked the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

And he sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily in his lap. The type clicked on. A galley of telegraph waited.

"What gentleman is lingering with D 3?" called the foreman, who was always dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and impatience.

Sluggish, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting: "Thirty!"

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table and laid him down reverently and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand, and read his last take:

"Boston, Nov. 23.—The American League Pilgrim went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale about midnight. Ship was old and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip."—Hawkeye.

Burdette on the Farm and Garden.

This month is a good time to pay the interest on your mortgage, and renew the notes you gave years ago. It is also a pretty good time to take up the notes you unwittingly gave the cloth peddler last Christmas, under the impression that you were only signing a contract.

Our thrives best in an elevator. A farmer who has 30,000 bushels of oats in an elevator need not worry about the weather. Always raise oats in a good elevator, and keep out of a deal with the Chicago man.

Look after the bean poles you had left over from last year. You will look long time before you find any. They have gone, partially, into the insatiable maw of the all-devouring fire-place, and the neighbors have stolen the rest.

Raise chickens. If you have a nice little garden, by all means raise chickens. Your neighbors' hens are the best ones to raise. You will find them from 5.30 A. M. until 6.30 P. M. on your lettuce, onion, radish and flower beds. You can raise them higher with a shot-gun than anything else. N. B.—Always eat the hen you raise. P. S.—Cook the hen before eating. P. S.—Before eating the hen, that is,

Crush egg shells and feed them to your own chickens, if you are foolish enough to keep any. If the whites and yolks are removed from the shells first, they will crush more easily.

If a good horse shows symptoms of going blind, and is developing a few first-class spurs, it is time to sell him. Sell him out of the county, if possible. Beware of the deacon who has a little blaze

on his face, "pacin' mare" that he wants to trade for "just such a boss."

Etternal vigilance is the price of the potato crop. About ten hours a day, devoted to crushing potato bugs with hard sticks, will probably save the upper part of the patch for you. By the time you dig the potatoes you will be so disgusted with everything pertaining to potato culture, that you couldn't look a potato in the eye without a feeling of nausea, and as for eating one—But this enables you to sell the whole bushel without a pang.

Young hens lay more eggs than old ones. This is because the giddy young things have not yet learned their value. In a few years they will know just how to stand around on a strike when eggs are \$1.75 a dozen, and then rush out and work double time when eggs are so common tramps won't eat them.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Only One of His Nine Lives.

"I had a rooster once as lick a cat."

The hero of this remarkable statement stood in the middle of a group of admiring hearers under the lamp-post at Eighth and Chestnut yesterday afternoon and his twinkling eyes flashed defiance of contradiction.

"Don't believe it, do yer? It's a fact, though. I us' t' live over here in Darby Township. I had a farm lot up there—potato patch, barn, chickens an' all 't' fix'n's. One o' the chickens I had wuz a corker—a reg'lar 'o' he-devil rooster, he wuz—an' he an' 't' cat wuz alwuz a fight'n', but alwuz at a distance, 's' tho' 't' wuz afear'd o' each other."

"One day I wuz a sittin' under a tree, never thinkin' o' nothin', when all of a sudden I hears a 'n'outlandish hollerin' like 's' tho' 't' warn't nothin' human, an' when I ups an' goes int' 't' barn yard, what d'yer 'spos'e I sees! Why, that tarnation cat a-rollin' over an' over, an' the rooster a-rollin' an' a-rollin', and both a-rollin' over 't' other, an' all 't' time a howlin' an' a-screedin', an' the fur an' the feathers a-flyin'—only 't' rooster was nearly alwuz on top an' 't' cat underneath like."

"An' 't' cat 't' kept it up fur nigh a'nour—me not interfin', but just a watchin' 't' see 't' fun out. All of a sudden 't' cat goes to shiverin', an' 't' rooster catches 't' in 't' eye, an' Mr. Cat falls back dead as—as—as a screw-driver."

The interest of the crowd as the old man proceeded was intense.

"An' the rooster—why he jumps up an' crows like mad—and ruffles his feathers—that is, what wuz left on 'em, an' walks away, proud as all-fired creation. After the rooster goes as the cat opens one eye kinder sly like and looked around, as much as to say—

"I thought you said the cat was dead," remonstrated a doubter, whose incredulous looks betrayed his want of confidence in the narrative.

The old man grinned.

"So he was," he chuckled; "but he only lost one o' his lives, and when the rooster d'is'p'ared he ups an' walks away with 't' other eight as lively as a half-drowned kitten."—Philadelphia Times.

Indian Money and Mode of Travel.

A correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean* writing from Ajmer, India, a gossiping letter of incident and adventure, says:

I stopped at the public mint for a moment. In front of it sat some money changers, of whom I bought some "cowries," or small shells, which are the medium of exchange among the extremely poor. It takes sixty-four of these shells to make one pie. A pie is about three quarters of an American cent. Your mathematical inclined readers are at liberty to work out the implied problem.

Looking off at the rugged hills to the west, which are crowned by the Tiger Fort, the ramparts and fortifications of which extend for miles; I was amazed by describing in huge white letters upon the mountain side the word, "Welcome."

I expressed my surprise, and the guide explained that this was in honor of the Prince of Wales, Duke of Connaught, and other English celebrities who had visited Jeypore. The rocks were so whitewashed as to spell out the words. At night, when the city is illuminated in honor of some English-speaking guest, this word "Welcome" is made to stand out in dazzling brilliancy by means of thousands of saucers of burning grease, which are placed upon the letters. By some inexplicable omission this honor did not attend my visit.

Emerging at length from the city, we drove over a low, cactus-grown plain to the base of a hill, where we described the elephant in waiting for us. There were four in the party to which I belonged—just a comfortable load for the howdah on the elephant's back, to which we mounted by means of a ladder, while his elephantine majesty favored operations by sprawling in the street. By the word comfortable I only intend to signify a relative idea. It is impossible to take any substantial comfort on an elephant's back. We were shaken up, especially while ascending or descending sharp inclines, until I half fancied we were at sea in the midst of an old fashioned gale. That elephant ride made a decided impression upon me. I did not examine the elephant's back where I had sat upon him, but I have a lively suspicion that the impression was reciprocal, judging from the jumping-jack fashion in which I bobbed about. The elephant jogged dreamily on all the while, flapping his great ears, and occasionally reaching up his trunk for a biscuit, just as though he didn't know what a bouncing he was giving us—cunning beast!

We were told that the elephant was a young man of about twenty-five years. Once we met another elephant. A mutual grunt of recognition took place, but the drivers who sat astride of the necks of the respective beasts prodded the thick hide of the great, flat heads, and there was no encounter. Sometimes when two elephants meet who have a grudge against each other, an episode occurs which is quite diverting to the passengers on top.

What are the desirable qualities in a whicker dye? It must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, elegant in appearance and cheap in price. Buckingham's Dye for the Whickers unites itself with all these merits. Try it.

Streaks of Luck.

We have heard of a man who had \$3,000 a year left him because he was civil to an infirm old lady in church, finding the hymns for her, setting her hassock, etc. He did not know her name, but she took care to ascertain his, and when she died he found that she had bequeathed to him the bulk of her property "as a reward for his patient kindness." A clergyman of our acquaintance obtained a living of good value from a baronet in Norfolk, for no other reason than that he was the only curate within ten miles round who had not applied for it when it fell vacant. And another clergyman whom we know got a still better living for having refused preference offered to him under circumstances derogatory to his dignity. He was a fair singer, and a vulgar plutocrat, who had invited him to dinner, promised to give him a living if he would sing a comic song at dessert. The quiet rebuke which the young clergyman administered made the plutocrat ashamed of himself, so that the next day he proffered the living with a letter of apology; but the living was refused, the clergyman stating that it would be impossible for him to forget the circumstances under which it was first tendered. This was the more honorable, as the clergyman was very badly off. Another patron, hearing of what he had done, appointed him to a benefice as a testimony of his admiration. We may conclude with the story of a man who was suddenly made rich because of his great stupidity. He was the only dull man in a bright-witted family, and going to dine with a wealthy relative who had a horror of fools, he made so many silly remarks that the old man cried in exasperation: "I must do something for you, for you'll never do anything for yourself. If I don't make a rich man of you, you'll become a laughingstock to the world and a disgrace to your family."

The Monk's Lesson.

There was once an old monk walking through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first." The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers. "Now pull up the second." The youth obeyed, but not so easily. "And the third." The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it. "And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth." But lo! the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials. "This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are very young and weak one may, by a little watchfulness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch well your first impulses."—Schiller.

VARIETIES.

NATIVE Mexican Gentleman—I deeply regret to be obliged to inform you, my dear friend, that your actions last night in the presence of that charming senorita were very rude.

American Visitor—You shock me. What did I do? I assure you that I tried my best to make a lively impression on that beautiful girl. In fact I am in love with her, and would not offend her for the world.

Mexican—I fear you have dashed your hopes, then. She now considers you an ignorant booby too beastly selfish to be trusted with any woman's happiness.

American—Oh! it cannot be; it cannot be. Mexican—You lit a cigar in her presence—American—But she assured me she did not object to it.

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They have societies in Iowa where the lady is weighed before entering the dining-room and also directly when she leaves it, and her escort pays fifty cents per pound for the increase in her weight. The calls to mind the old story of the western railroad eating-house which adopted the same plan. One summer day a shrewd drummer prepared himself for the meal by filling his coat pockets with stones. He was weighed and seated himself at the table. The men the question of weight, and he threw the stones away without being observed. When he was weighed and came to settle up it was discovered that the house owed him \$3.75.

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"Because it won't go," she replied with a yawn.

Then the young man went home.

Mr. FINKS—May the stars help us. We are ruined.

Mrs. FINKS—Ruined!

Mr. FINKS—Yes, I endorsed a note for a friend, and all we have are lost.

Mrs. FINKS—Not at all, dear. You know you told me when we were married that if I made my own bonnets I could keep the difference in the expense for myself.

Mr. FINKS—Don't trifle, dear. My liabilities are \$50,000, and your little savings on bonnets would be only a drop in the bucket.

Mrs. FINKS—Guess you don't know much about bonnets.

Mr. FINKS—Well, no. How much have you saved?

Mrs. FINKS—Six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

The high-school girl's brother told her a new conundrum yesterday. It is this:

"What is the difference between shooting a man and killing a hog?"

The answer was:

"One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other is killing with intent to eat."

When she met Amy she expounded the conundrum to her, but Amy gave it up.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mildred, "one is assaulting with intent to deprive of life, and the other is killing with intent to preserve in brine."

And Amy failed to see the point!

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(Continued from first page)

acres of land, has a splendid stylish house, large barn and over 50 head of cattle, among which are 15 that are thoroughbred Shorthorns, with a good bull at the head. Has made a feature in his system of feeding young steers, bringing them to a high condition and getting the top price of the market. We saw a pair of five-year-old grade oxen that were worth looking at. His large flock of Merinos are well graded up.

Wm. Shenk, of Francisco, is one of the Shorthorn breeders of the county, and has a fine herd. We were unable to get his breeding. At its head is the bull Hannibal, got by 2nd Duke of Hildesdale, who was bred by Phelps Bros., of Dexter. It would add very much to the breeders in view of our calling on them would have the pedigree of their herds in convenient and accessible shape.

We caught Charles Cassidy, of Grass Lake, on the fly, and hurriedly looked over his 300-acre farm (he says, "don't look at the house, for I am going to build a new one this summer,") and his well bred horses, among which singled out a five-year-old gelding that is a roadster is very stylish and shows good speed. He was bred by Regulator, he by Maple's Hambletonian, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. A three-year-old dark bay mare by same sire, and dam by Theodore Lane; a seven-year-old mare by Theodore Lane, and a fall colt by Regulator showed well. Theodore Lane was brought into the State by J. C. Deyo, and is of St. Lawrence blood. His grade Shorthorn were well up in blood, and the Poland-China breeding stock was bought of Levi Arnold, of Plainwell.

Michael Schenk has been breeding Shorthorns several years, and has ten head in his herd, but we could not get their breeding. He has a good farm, 350 acres, on which he has lived 20 years, and is building a stylish brick residence for his home.

We spent a few moments at C. W. Riggs', but as he was absent we will delay our description of his farm and his work till our next visit, hoping to find him and get his views and ideas of his work more fully.

Edmund Robinson is the "Vanderbilt" farmer of this town, although his farm has but 244 acres in it; but 230 acres of it is well fitted for the plow, with not a stump or stone to interfere or check the onward march of the horses as they draw the plow. The farm is a very productive one, as it is acres of oats last year yielded 1,418 bushels by weight, and 77 of wheat, gave 2,010 bushels. This is but an ordinary average for ordinary years, while nothing marks the progress of self-binders as they cut in swaths the golden grain. The house is good, surroundings pleasant, and the barns well arranged and complete. He is a lover of the Shorthorns, having some well graded up, and fed last winter a large party of steers that tipped the beam way up. He is crossing Shorthorn and Merinos for fattening purposes, averaging 100 pounds—a little below his usual average of 110 lbs. His horses are well graded Percherons, one pair of them nine years old are half blood, he could quickly sell for \$600—we think.

Last but not least among those we visited in this country, were three of the prominent sheep-breeders who reside near Hanover. The first called on was S. S. Brewster, who lives one mile east of the village. His too, is a tidy farm, although his work is done on a small farm of only 80 acres in extent. His well arranged barn, 32x54 feet, was erected in 1878, and in it are the most complete fixtures in the way of conveniences ever seen by us. He is a thorough worker, an energetic farmer, and his large flock of thoroughbred Merinos attest his judgment and discernment. The foundation of his fine flock, which now numbers 52 breeding ewes, was laid in 1878 by the purchase of a party from W. E. Kennedy, of J. J. Crane, R. M. & O. F. Atwood and C. K. Williams' breeding, all of Vermont; in 1880 a party was added that was bought from Hon. Wm. Ball, of Hanover, and C. M. Fellows, of Manchester, and in 1881 thirteen ewes were added from the flock of J. Van Gieson, of Brooklyn, Mich.

James W. Newberry has 131 acres in his farm, with good substantial barns, that for sheep being 30x52 feet. The specialty here is sheep, the foundation of the flock having been bought from W. E. Kennedy, of Somers, in 1873, partly his own and balance Vermont bred. In 1880 he bought from James W. Dey, of Devereaux, seven ewes, four by Rip Van Winkle, balance bred by Henry Walker, of Vermont. In 1881 ten more ewes were bought from A. A. Wood of Saline, all Vermont bred; and in same year 15 Centennial yearling ewes, bred by F. & L. E. Moore, of Shoreham, Vt., were purchased from Hon. Wm. Ball of Hanover. One of the ewes, bred by L. Wolcott of Vermont, and labeled L. Wolcott 66, sired by Rip Van Winkle, sheared as a two year old 15 lbs. the clip of which was sent to the Clinton woolen mills and cleaned 6-15 lbs. The stock runs used on the flock have been Nero, bred by W. E. Kennedy, and sired by Major, a Crane mare two years, and a ram bred by J. Van Gieson that was sired by old Bonaparte, while in 1881 he purchased from A. A. Wood and W. E. Kennedy the yearling S. James 135, bred by S. James of Vermont, sired by C. P. Crane 13, by Eureka 34, dam S. James 135, which sheared at Lansing in 1883 twenty-six lbs. In other stock we find a five year old mare, Hambletonian 34, 15 hands high, 1,150 lbs. weight, of good style, and action. He was got by Hambletonian Chief, he by Fisk's Hambletonian, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam a St. Lawrence and Messenger mare.

Immediately opposite to this farm is the "sheep ranch" of J. Chilton, who owns 100 acres, and on which we found a flock of registered Merinos, the start in which was made by the purchase of yearling ewes from A. A. Wood of Saline, in the winter of 1878 and 1879. The second purchase was made from C. M. Fellows in same fall, consisting of 10 ewes of the breeding of H. E. Sanford, C. E. Crane, C. H. James and S. James, all of Vermont. In fall of 1881 he bought 10 ewes and one ram from Hon. Wm. Ball of Hanover, the ewes by Star Hambleton and Sticney's Hopeful; the stock ram, Wm. Ball 85, is now three years old, was sired by a Rich ram, and is a good one. In 1883 he bought from A. A. Wood another party of ewes, Vermont bred, by Brigham, Wooster, C. H. Brown, and H. White. This spring he purchased a fine two year old ram from W. E. Kennedy, labeled F. H. 502, bred by F. H. Farmington, Brandon, Vt., and sired by Farmington's Banker Wrinkly, of large size. Mr. Chilton has come to stay as a breeder of Merinos, and his assertions to this effect are backed up and acquiesced in by Messrs. Brewster and Newberry, who take the same view.

ON THE WING.

The Busiest Place in Chicago, Any person who visits the Advertising Agency of Lord & Thomas, McCormack Block, will not doubt that they are transacting an immense business with the newspapers of the country. A thorough knowledge of the business, coupled with energy and a liberal use of their own medicine, has placed them in the

front rank of advertising agencies in the United States.

We will not state the exact amount, but we will say that during the past few weeks they have secured contracts which will aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars, and this business has been secured in competition with the Eastern agencies, thus demonstrating their claim of possessing unequalled "facilities."

Their business offices are veritable hives of industry, every member of their efficient corps of employes being furnished with work enough to develop their working energies. We think this firm might well adopt as their motto "Courtesy and Energy." The Herald congratulates them on their merited success.—Chicago Herald, May 10.

EASTWARD HO!

To the White Mountains and Sea Shore—A Delightful way of spending one's Summer Vacation.

The Michigan Central Railroad Company, which operates the popular "Niagara Falls Route," announces its series of pleasure excursions to the White Mountains and sea shore for the season of 1884. The excursions will be three in number, the dates of departure being Wednesday, June 25, Tuesday, July 15, and Tuesday, August 5. For the past five or six years these excursions have been features of this road which have tended to popularize it more than anything else. Thousands of the best people of the west, north and south have availed themselves of the opportunities thus offered, and spent from two to eight weeks making the trip, invariably returning refreshed and invigorated and wholly satisfied. Hundreds of testimonials have been received and columns of newspaper matter have been written expressive of gratification and highly commending the company for the excellent provisions made for the comfort of excursionists. The company is enabled to offer for the coming series of excursions new routes and attractions which cannot but be appreciated. Among the points of interest to be visited may be mentioned Niagara Falls, where the train will cross the new and famous cantilever bridge; Toronto, the St. Lawrence river, the beautiful islands and famous rapids of the St. Lawrence; Montreal, Quebec, Lake Memphrigo, Bethlehem, Mount Washington, North Conway, Sebago and Crystal Lake, Portland, Old Orchard Beach, Rye Beach, Portsmouth, Isle of Shoals and nearly all the principal resorts of the Atlantic coast. It would be exceedingly difficult to map out a more delightful trip on the American continent, especially at the remarkably low rates offered by the Michigan Central, viz: from Toledo, \$23, and from Detroit \$22 round trip, with corresponding low rates on all connecting lines.

Mr. M. C. Roach, the Southern Passenger Agent of the road, Mr. E. H. Hughes, Michigan Passenger Agent, and Mr. W. H. Gregor, Traveling Agent, will personally conduct the excursions and give their patrons the benefit of their experience and knowledge of the route. Prior to the date of several excursions they will cheerfully answer communications relating to the same, which should be addressed to M. C. Roach, at Toledo, Ohio, or to E. H. Hughes, Detroit, Mich.—Toledo Evening Bee.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, the full benefit of the horse and its diseases," etc. Professional advice and treatment of all diseases of the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc. No questions will be answered by mail. Particulars of the full name and address to the office of the Michigan Farmer, 301 First St., Detroit. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, how long the animal has been sick, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First St., Detroit.

Chronic Mammitis or Garget.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer. Having read all inquiries and answers in the veterinary department this spring in regard to the treatment of cows, and seeing nothing that exactly fits my cow, I would like a little information. I have two Shorthorn cows that have trouble with their bags. One five years old lost a quarter of her last year. When she first calved she milked all right, then something began to crop the flow of milk. After milking out the test it would take some time for it to fill again, so it took a long time to milk that quarter. She gave as much from that as from any other. The obstruction kept increasing until it stopped the flow entirely. It did not seem to be inflamed nor was the obstruction hard. She calved about two weeks ago, and now another quarter is going in the same way. The other cow, three years old, milked all right last summer, and was all right when dried off. She calved three days ago (May 28). I could not start a particle of milk from the left front quarter, and cannot yet; it is caked hard and is very much inflamed now, but was not when she first calved. Both of the cows were troubled with garget at times last summer. If you can give me a remedy for either one or both, through the veterinary department of the FARMER, you will oblige me. OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—From your description of the symptoms in your cows, we are of the opinion that both are suffering from chronic garget, or inflammation of the mammary gland or udder. It is not infrequently appears soon after calving, or it may follow abortion. The degree of intensity of the disease varies in different animals, from a variety of causes as blows, scratches, or a plethoric condition at the time of calving, &c., developing a variety of symptoms, which tend to mystify the complaint. Heifers are especially liable to mammitis, often in its worst form, involving the entire gland. There are instances where it makes its appearance without any apparent cause. The varieties are acute, sub-acute and chronic; these are subdivided by various authors, as superficial subcutaneous, congestive etc. The retained milk in the gland becomes altered, coagulated, watery, &c. It sometimes yields readily to treatment, at other times it is very troublesome to manage, often resulting in the loss of one or more of the quarters. The fact that both of your cows had garget last year is proof of its chronic character, which fact suggests the propriety of fattening the animals, as such a condition renders them unfit for breeding purposes; though we have known instances of such animals being free from the disease after treatment. The use of Bovine Panacea just before the cow comes in, is the best preventive of both milk fever and of garget as well, known to us. The obstruction in the test of your first cow may have arisen from one of several causes, as polypus in the test from thickening of the mucous mem-

brane, contraction of the milk duct, from false membrane, &c., either of which may be relieved for the time by the use of the milk tube. In such cases a veterinary surgeon should be personally consulted. The hardened or caked portion of the udder should be well fermented with water as hot as the animal can bear it, then wipe dry and paint it with creosote. Repeat the application in two days if necessary; make frequent efforts to empty the udder; and use internally Panacea No. 1, and if fever exists use No. 2 alternately as directed, (both are in one package). This preparation restores healthy action to the digestive organs, thus assisting nature to throw off disease. Every stock owner should have a package of Dr. R. Jennings' Bovine Panacea on hand for cases of emergency. If your druggist does not keep it inclose us \$1 and we will send it to you pre-paid.

ENSILAGE IN FRANCE.

Our Paris correspondent says on this subject: "Ensilage in France is now confined to experiments as to dispensing with silos in masonry—all a matter of pounds, shillings and pence. The secret of ensilage resides in perfect compression of the mass and exclusion of the air. These secured, the green forage can be conserved under a shed, or in the open air. The first attempts at ensilage failed, because efforts were made only to exclude the air. It was M. Goffart who demonstrated the necessity of heavy and continuous pressure at the same time. Some experiments made at the Agricultural Station of Munster, demonstrate that maize is the best forage for ensilage; that the total loss can reach as high as 30 per cent. The proportion of fatty matters augments during fermentation, while those of a non-nitrogenous character diminish. The sugar, gum, dextrine, and similar carbon solubles are decomposed and lost in the form of gas, but aromatics and organic acids are formed, which compensate the loss. Further, the maize is rendered more palatable and more easy of digestion.

The French breeders of the celebrated Percheron horses, intend henceforth to hold an annual show for their important speciality. The first show will be held at Nogent-le-Rotrou, department of Eure-et-Loir, in the 22nd inst., and will last three days. Double the number of entries, 500, were registered, than there were boxes to accommodate, so only one-half the number of horses will be admitted. The breeders of Percherons are bestowing all their attention on keeping the sires of pure blood, for the more the sire is pure the more the progeny will be pure. This is not ever true, as the Arabs count as much on pure blooded mares as on stallions. Further: take a pure greyhound bitch, cross her with a common dog, the pups will resemble more herself than the dog.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET. DETROIT, June 10, 1884. Flour.—Receipts for the past week, 5,643 bbls., against 4,401 the previous week, and 4,713 bbls. for corresponding week last year. Shipments, 4,690 bbls. There was a fair amount of business done the past week, at unchanged values. Stone process flour is dull. Stocks are not large, and holders look for a steady market. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice.....\$4 75 @ 50
Michigan white wheat, roller process 5 25 @ 50
Michigan white wheat, roller process 5 25 @ 50
Minnesota, bakers.....5 25 @ 50
Minnesota, roller process 5 25 @ 50
Rye.....3 75 @ 50

Wheat.—The market opened yesterday at about Saturday's closing prices, but with a very light demand for cash wheat, and speculative dealings of very light proportions. Values gradually declined and closed weak. Closing prices on spot were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.04; No. 2, 94c; No. 3, 92c. In futures values closed at the following range: June, \$1.04; July, \$1.05; August, 92c.

Corn.—Market weak and unsettled. No. 2 is selling at 56c, new mixed 54c, and rejected 52c. Street price, 50c to 54c.

Oats.—Neglected. No. 2 white are quoted at 36c, and No. 2 mixed at 34c. Street price, 33c to 36c. In futures values closed at the following range: June, \$1.04; July, \$1.05; August, 92c.

Butter.—The market is apparently demoralized from the heavy receipts, and good fresh packed will not realize over 17c per lb., with 15c to 16c the price paid for most of the receipts. Good creamery butter is dull at 22c per lb.

Cheese.—Market weak and dull, with values on decline downward. Receipts are quite large. Full cream State ranges from 12c to 13c per lb. Ohio brands at 10c to 11c. Low grades are neglected.

Eggs.—Steady and firm at 12c to 13c per dozen. Street price, 12c to 13c.

Dried Apples.—Dried apples are dull at 6c to 7c. Evaporated fruit is worth 12c to 13c per lb. Demand very light.

Hay.—Baled on track is selling at \$10.00 per ton. On dock at \$12.

Potatoes.—The market is quiet and steady with only a local demand. Quotations are 30c to 40c for car lots. Street prices, 20c to 30c. No southern potatoes are selling at \$4.00 to \$4.50 per bushel.

Maple Sugar.—New, 12c to 13c; old, 10c. Sirup, 50c to 60c per gallon.

Onions.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Peas.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Beans.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Barley.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Oats.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Wheat.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Corn.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Rye.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Barley.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel.

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